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# The SPHERE

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*And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds"*
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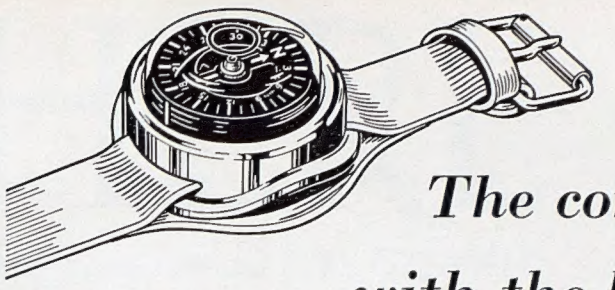

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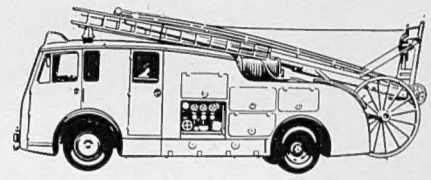

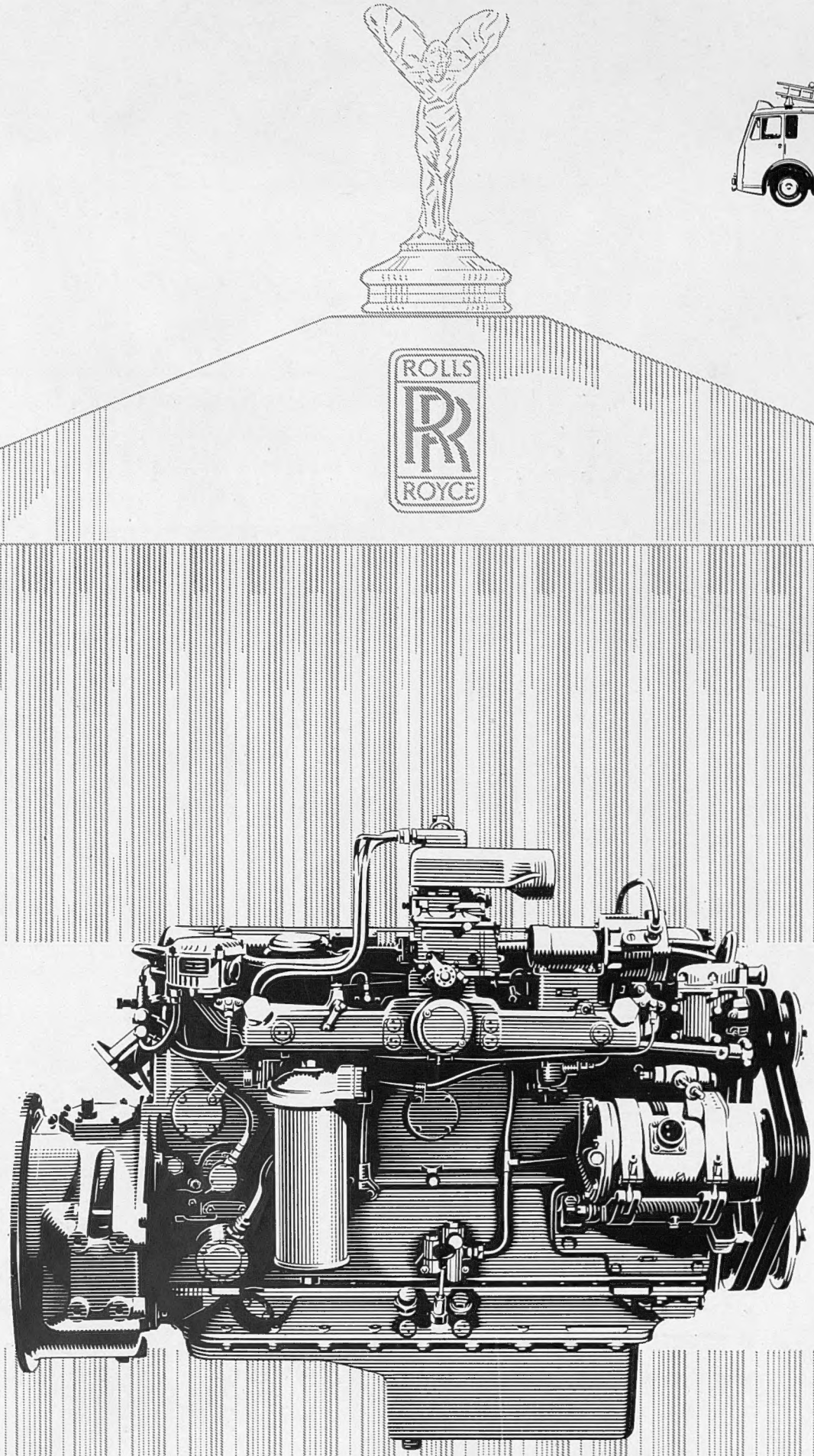


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Volume CCXXV No. 2932

The SPHERE, London, June 9, 1956

# The SPHERE

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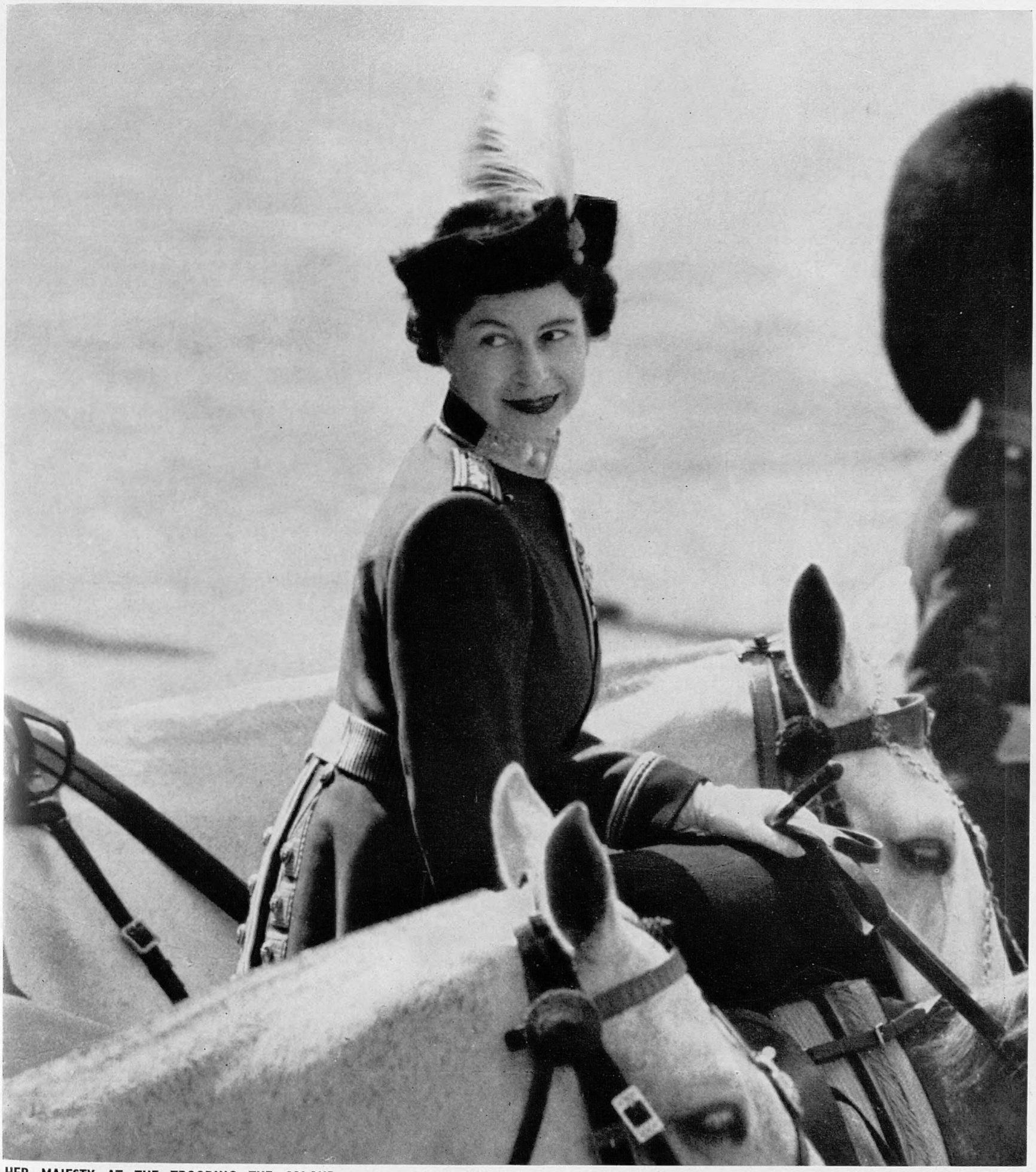

**HER MAJESTY AT THE TROOPING THE COLOUR—THE QUEEN TURNS TO SMILE AT THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING AN INFORMAL MOMENT OF THE CEREMONY ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The official birthday of Her Majesty was marked by the traditional ceremony last week when the Colour of the Grenadier Guards was Trooped before her by the regiments of the Brigade. This year the Escort for the Colour was formed by the Third Battalion, Grenadier Guards.**

The weather, which in the past has often spoilt the splendour of the annual Trooping the Colour, was this year at its best and brought out all the splendid colour of the ceremony. As the clocks of the city struck the hour of eleven, the Royal procession set off down the Mall to the loud cheering of the dense crowds lining the avenue. Her Majesty, in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, rode on Winston, behind the Mounted Band of the Royal Horse Guards and two sparkling divisions of the Household Cavalry, forming a Sovereign's Escort. A few paces behind her rode the Dukes of Edinburgh and Gloucester, as Colonels of the Welsh and Scots Guards respectively. When Her Majesty had halted before the saluting base, Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, Grenadier Guards, ordered the Royal Salute and the massed bands played the National Anthem. After the Queen had inspected the scarlet ranks of Guardsmen, the Colour was Trooped before the eight Guards forming the parade. Other pictures of the Trooping the Colour and of the final march-past and salute at the Palace will be found on pages 350-51.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

## THE DUKE AT DUNSTABLE

**THE OPENING OF A NEW WORKSHOP FOR DISABLED WORKERS: The Duke of Edinburgh is unveiling a commemorative plaque at the factory of Messrs. Ludun, Ltd., Dunstable, Bedfordshire, during his visit last week when he opened a new workshop for severely handicapped workers. The plaque records the help given by local citizens, organisations and others, in the foundation of the workshop.**

## EMIR OF KANO IN LONDON

**ONE OF THE RULERS OF NORTHERN NIGERIA VISITS BRITAIN: The Emir of Kano is seen with members of his family and Mr. Lennox Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, at London Airport at the end of his visit to this country. Mr. Lennox Boyd had gone to the airport to bid the Emir farewell. The child seen in the picture is the Emir of Kano's three-year-old grandson, Baba. Sitting next to Mr. Lennox Boyd is the Emir's son, Alliaji Ado Sanus.**

## LANDSCAPE AND MARINE PAINTINGS

**CLAUDE MUNCASTER HAS A ONE-MAN EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S GALLERIES: The artist is seen with Beryl Grey looking at "Lower Regent Street from Waterloo Place" in his collection of Landscape and Marine paintings. The London landscapes in the exhibition, which are of Thames-side scenes, were inspired by Mr. Muncaster's flights in a B.E.A. helicopter to get a new angle of vision on familiar views. Sketches were made during flights. The exhibition is open until June 16.**

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# A London Newsletter

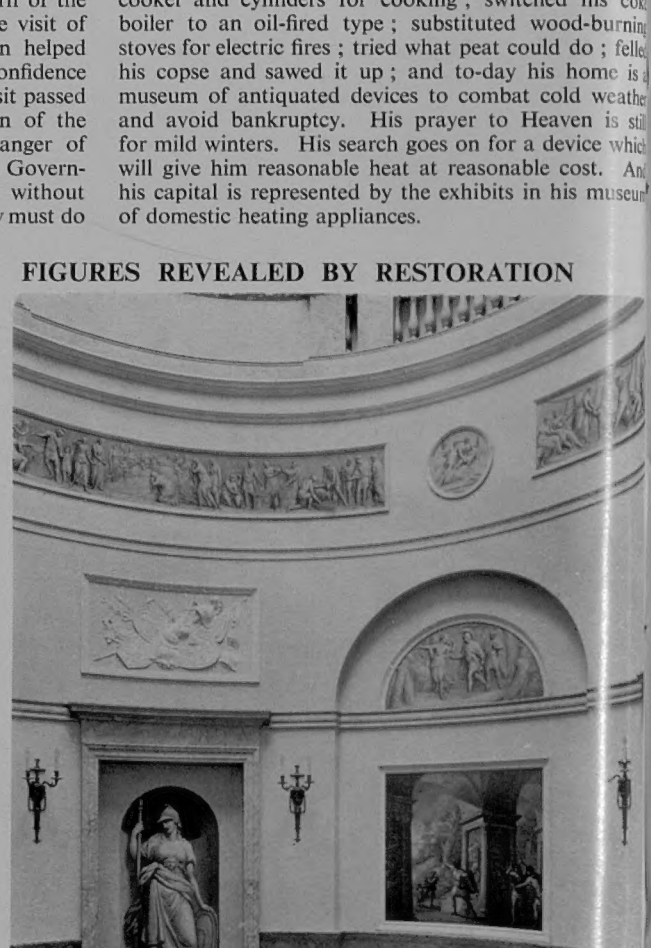
195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**A Premier's Year.**—It was on May 26, 1955, that Sir Anthony was returned to power with an increased majority. It seems to me more like two years since that event, for his progress has been uphill and downhill, and his hopes and stature shrank remarkably before half the year was over. Now his stature has recovered and his hopes seem higher again. Some of the hopes expressed through his Ministers still seem extravagant, not least the hope that the vicious spiral of living costs will be pegged for a year at least if wage demands are kept in check for the same period. The condition seems unlikely to be fulfilled, and even if it is, the hope of pegging costs is no certainty. The nationalised industries are already seeing to that. The post of Premier in Britain to-day is a superman's job. The obstacles on the long road to security, peace and economic recovery stretch endlessly ahead and loom bigger as they draw nearer. No doubt the turn of the tide for Sir Anthony came with the end of the visit of B. and K. The Opposition on that occasion helped him back into the saddle and gave him new confidence in handling the reins. And just because that visit passed off pleasantly, we read into it a confirmation of the repeated opinions of our pundits that the danger of world war has receded. If Sir Anthony and his Government are to weather another year of office without another sharp reaction in public confidence, they must do it the hard way. They must buckle to their tasks without fear, and win the schoolboy's testimonial of a strong headmaster :—" He 's a beast, but a *just* beast." Sir Anthony has damn well got to be beastly, and if he is to win and hold a reputation for leadership in a critical hour for this country and for the world, he must cast out several types of fear which have harassed British Governments in recent years—fear of what America may say and of what the trades unions and voters may say or do.

**Cliveden Reach.**—Not everyone in England welcomes the disclosures, in the interests of the truth of history, of volume after volume of documents on *German Diplomatic Policy*. Sometimes one feels that Germany's diplomatic policy (1938–40) *vis-à-vis* Britain is as outworn a subject to-day as escape literature or war memoirs, 1939–45. Certainly it was much more clumsy and ham-handed than the crudest attempts to break prison, and as such it is accepted. The *Documents*, Vol. VI, give us no new light on the Ribbentrop technique, but are not without interest to lovers of social gossip and the stock-in-trade of the columnists, who always find a fruitful field in Cliveden, its parties and its " set " of clever men. The pilgrimage of Von Trott zu Solz, despatched on a " fact-finding mission " by Hitler to England in 1939 (and by Hitler executed in 1944, perhaps owing to the " failure of his mission "), is treated at some length. Naturally he was asked to the party at Cliveden and the bright lights of the Cliveden Set were there to meet him. Over the walnuts and wine, he sounds some of them and finds that Lord Lothian (as, of course, also his host) had " an instinctive appreciation of the greatness of the Führer." Apparently these two and Lord Halifax listened to him for three hours holding forth on the German point of view, and Lothian, after a pledge of secrecy, outlined to him a plan whereby Hitler " could disarm at one blow his bitterest enemies abroad." The Astors, of course, had " ready access to Chamberlain " and Von Trott came away from an interview with the latter fairly confident that the Premier would back the plan. As for Churchill, Eden and Duff Cooper, they could be completely ignored. Their opposition to Chamberlain's policy was negligible. Vol. VI of the *Documents* seeks to be completely impartial in the matter of debunking reputations, and, on its face, succeeds very well.

**Sisyphus and the Lump of Coal.**—The efforts of the Government to peg the cost of living and the efforts of the householder to square the vicious circle leave Sisyphus' clownish act far behind. Sisyphus was nothing like so funny as the moderns who attempt his act in reverse, trying to roll the lively balloon downhill to find that it bounces back to the top. Mr. Macmillan hopes for at least a year of stabilised cost of living, even while his nationalised industries announce further sharp rises in the cost of coal, gas, electricity, freights, fares, and so on. It all goes back to coal—the black diamonds on which we are built. We haven't nearly reached the peak in the prices we must pay for coal. There is a long trick ahead before nuclear power stations supply the grid with juice for all at stable, economic prices. So everybody tries to dodge the use of coal. The railways step up electrification to save burning coal and learn too late that the price of electricity must be sharply raised again because of the increased price of coal. All heavy industry is affected and must " pass it on " to the public among whom the " workers " must naturally demand a compensating wage increase. The householder scratches his head and reviews in his house the efforts of the last decade to secure a little warmth at reasonable cost. Long, long ago, he scrapped his pretty Regency basket grates for anthracite stoves ; replaced them with log fires assisted by paraffin stoves ; bribed the Electricity Authority with a hideous bribe to bring him the benefits of the grid ; replaced the paraffin stoves with electric fires ; replaced them with convectors ; imported gas cooker and cylinders for cooking ; switched his coke boiler to an oil-fired type ; substituted wood-burning stoves for electric fires ; tried what peat could do ; felled his copse and sawed it up ; and to-day his home is a museum of antiquated devices to combat cold weather and avoid bankruptcy. His prayer to Heaven is still for mild winters. His search goes on for a device which will give him reasonable heat at reasonable cost. And his capital is represented by the exhibits in his museum of domestic heating appliances.

## FIGURES REVEALED BY RESTORATION



**A DISCOVERY AT THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART: The figure on the left is one of two which have been revealed by restoration work at the Courtauld Institute of Art in Portman Square, London.** They came to light when dark paint, which had been added in Victorian days, was being removed from the walls of the staircase. Their existence, together with other decorations, was unknown. Students from the Slade School of Art assisted in the work. The house, built by Robert Adam in 1777, was bought by Mr. Samuel Courtauld in 1927, who replaced features from Adam's original designs. The painting in this picture is attributed to Antonio Zucchi.

**Imperial Defence Costs.**—In a matter of three weeks or so the Commonwealth Premiers will be arriving in London for another conference and no doubt the agenda is already heavy. Imperial defence will clearly be an item, and imperial defence involves more than planning, agreement and organisation. It has to be paid for and the costs are always upward. This year the Premiers will be greeted by hosts already pledged to a considerable cut in the cost of defence, and will meet under conditions more favourable to consideration of economy as a result of Russia's promise to slash her conventional armaments. Britain's interim reply to that promise is to welcome it with less reserve than has America, to repeat that she is always reducing her forces, and to offer her C.3 National Servicemen for reciprocal slashing. The cost of Imperial defence remains intolerably high, and here in Britain we are so inured to paying the piper while others often call the tune that we are reluctant to pass the hat round. We

have been very polite and tactful with the Germans in the West, hardly liking to hint that the costs of defence of a still unarmed Germany are at least a fifty-fifty responsibility, and we shall no doubt feel it is hardly cricket, when we entertain the Commonwealth Premiers, to pass round figures and statistics showing the present proportion of Imperial defence still borne by the old mother country. It is, of course, a difficult subject for nimble accountancy, although quite obviously, if Imperial defence is, in the long view, one and indivisible, its local organisation is of more instant importance to this or that Commonwealth nation and fairly calls for a larger contribution from the nation most nearly concerned. "Dominion over palm and pine" has a very different meaning in England to-day from what it had when Kipling wrote, and England, the wealthiest and most powerful nation, proudly quoted him and gladly footed the bill. One would not say that we get less advantage from the Commonwealth than from the Empire of those days. But the benefits we derive are more equitably shared and their cost should be so also. But it is to be expected that some of the Dominion Premiers will be more interested in fair shares of Commonwealth trading.

Drought.—A wet summer is a miserable occurrence, and a rainless spring is often its harbinger. We have had the lowest of monthly yields of rain every month since January. February, ·36 in.; March, ·69 in.; April, 1·68 ins.; May, ·24 in. Total, 2·97 ins. in four months, or about one-third of the average. Our faith in the favour of the Elements towards open-air events in summer in England must have been established before the age of "all-time" records. For still we cram into June, July and August all those events which stand or fall by fine weather and warm days, and there is nothing quite so melancholy as the dripping marquee, the water-logged cricket pitch, the deserted esplanade, the rained-out village fête, the ruined Ascot frocks. Once every decade we renew our faith in the English summer. We did so in 1955, but I doubt if in 1956 we shall bring off the double event. Meanwhile our lawns are like dry toast, our shrubs are slowly dying, our new-planted forests are decimated by fire, our commons are smooth ebony, our rivers are trickles, our wells dry and our reservoirs will feel the effect (come what may) for months to come. We must count our blessings to balance whatever costs we must pay later on in summer.

Octogenarian.—A friend the other day suggested to me an interesting subject for an article in examining the "case-histories" of the large number of eminent men alive to-day who have exceeded the "Psalmists' ceiling" by ten years or more, without suffering any of the Psalmists' pains and penalties. He thought it possible that such an examination might discover something in the "air and soil" of the 1870's which encouraged longevity, and he supplied me with a few names to start the list of eminent octogenarians: Churchill, Vaughan Williams, Trevelyan, de la Mare, Bertrand Russell, Lord Samuel, Gilbert Murray, John Masefield, Somerset Maugham. He included also Max Beerbohm when he wrote: "Alas! even the immortals are not immortal!" The craft of literature clearly predominates in his list. There are at least six who are writers and nothing else, ten or more who have turned out important books. And we have kept to our island worthies and not scratched the Services and a number of other important fields. There occur to mind the Pope, Schweitzer, Florent Schmitt, Bernard Berenson (a straggler from the middle '60's), two sons of the great Lord Salisbury. . . . Casual reflection or a book of reference could produce a formidable list without lowering the accepted standard of eminence. The causes of longevity are still little understood. We accept it that there are long-lived families and that the outward appearance of robust health is no indication of longevity. As for the "air and soil" of the 1870's, I doubt if a close examination would get us far. Indeed, I thought that in England the 1870's were a decade of exhaustion. The Liberal leaders of the nation, after staggering to lay the seeds of primary education, were not unfairly described by "Dizzy" as a "range of exhausted volcanoes"; and a far from energetic Conservatism saw the decade out. But it was not my doubts about the theory of vigorous and not so vigorous decades that has shortened my essay into a paragraph. It is Max Beerbohm's removal from this list. When the dinner is set and the guests assembled, it is melancholy to turn down an empty glass. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

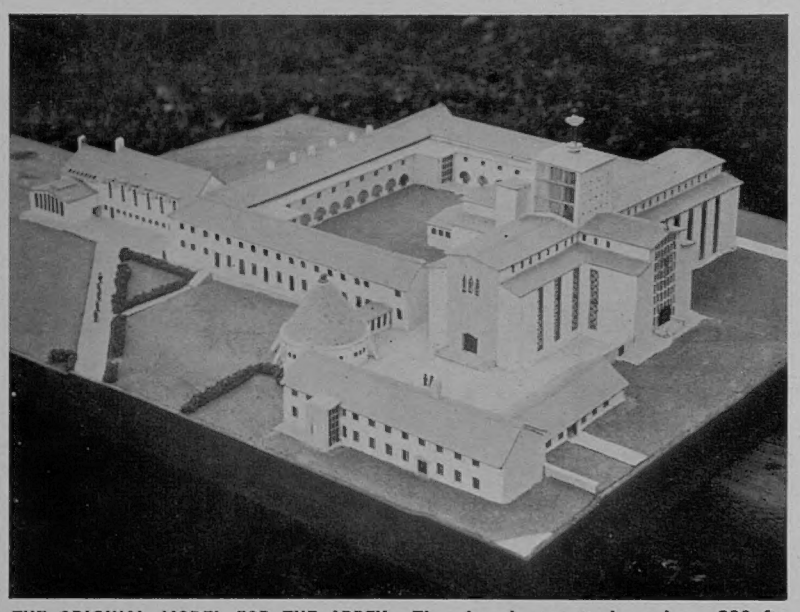
## THE GROWTH OF KUWAIT

*The Story of the Spectacular Post-war Development of the Small State on the Persian Gulf, and its Vast and Increasing Revenue from Oil*

By JOHN MIDGLEY

## CISTERCIAN MONKS ARE BUILDING THEIR OWN ABBEY

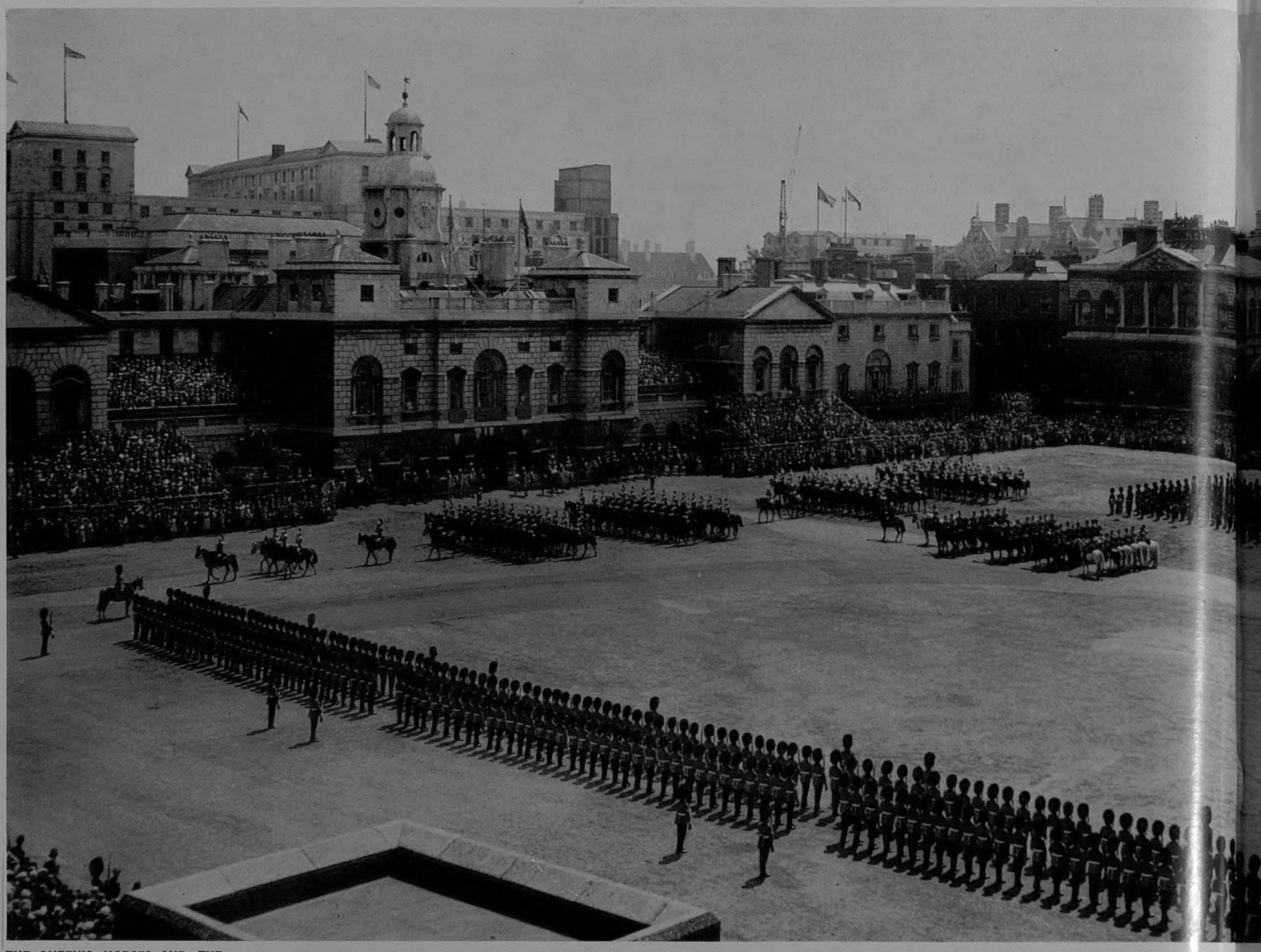
**WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW ABBEY OF SANCTA MARIA, NUNRAW, EAST LOTHIAN: Cistercian monks are at work on the south wall of the refectory block for their community. This part of the Abbey is expected to be ready by 1960, but the completion of the Abbey is not envisaged until the turn of the century.**



**THE ORIGINAL MODEL FOR THE ABBEY: The church was to have been 230 ft. long and 50 ft. high; now it is understood that it will be 160 ft. long and 36 ft. high. Other buildings include chapter-house, refectory and cloisters.**

Shortly after the war seven monks went to Nunraw, in East Lothian, to found the first Cistercian community in Scotland since the Reformation. Within a matter of months their house (parts of which date to the sixteenth century) was given the status of an Abbey, and then the Cistercian Fathers and Brethren set about the task of building their own quarters. The new Abbey of Sancta Maria was designed by Mr. Peter Whiston, an Edinburgh architect, and work on its construction began just about three years ago with the monks preparing the stone in the winter and labouring on the actual site during the summer. Helping the monks in the building are two laymen. One acts as the foreman mason and the other as a stone-cutter. Additional help is forthcoming during the summer months when young Roman Catholics from north and south of the Border spend a short time in the Abbey's workers' camp and share in the work. Although the Abbey is not expected to be completed until the turn of the century, it is hoped that the refectory block, which is already taking shape, will be ready for the community by 1960.

**CONTRASTS IN THE USE OF TOOLS: A power-chisel is being used to dress the stone. *On right*—A great deal of the work is done by hand.**

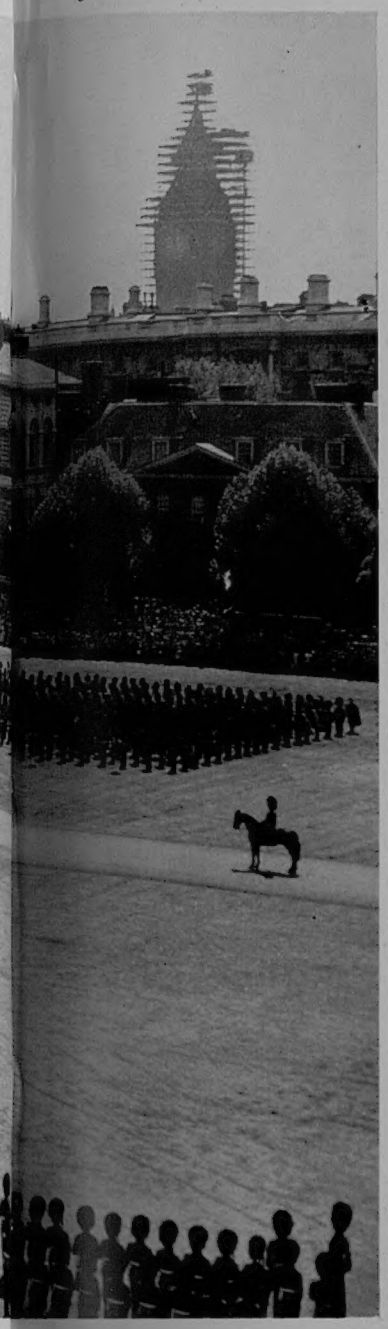


**THE QUEEN'S HORSES AND THE QUEEN'S MEN: The Troops of the Household Cavalry as they pass in review before the Queen on Horse Guards Parade. The elaborate ritual of Trooping the Colour was carried out with fine precision, creating a riot of colour in the warm sunlight.**

The traditional Trooping the Colour marking the Queen's official birthday was carried out this year in ideal conditions after being cancelled last year owing to the railway strike. Shortly before the arrival of Her Majesty on the parade ground the eight Guards, two from the Grenadiers, two from the Scots Guards, and four from the Coldstream Guards, were formed up on the asphalt of Horse Guards Parade. Loud cheering down The Mall heralded Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret and the Royal children, just before eleven o'clock. Punctually on time came the Royal procession led by the Brigade Major of the Household Brigade and four troopers of the Life Guards. The Queen was followed at a few paces by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, who are both Colonels of Guards regiments. The Troop and the march past were then admirably carried out.

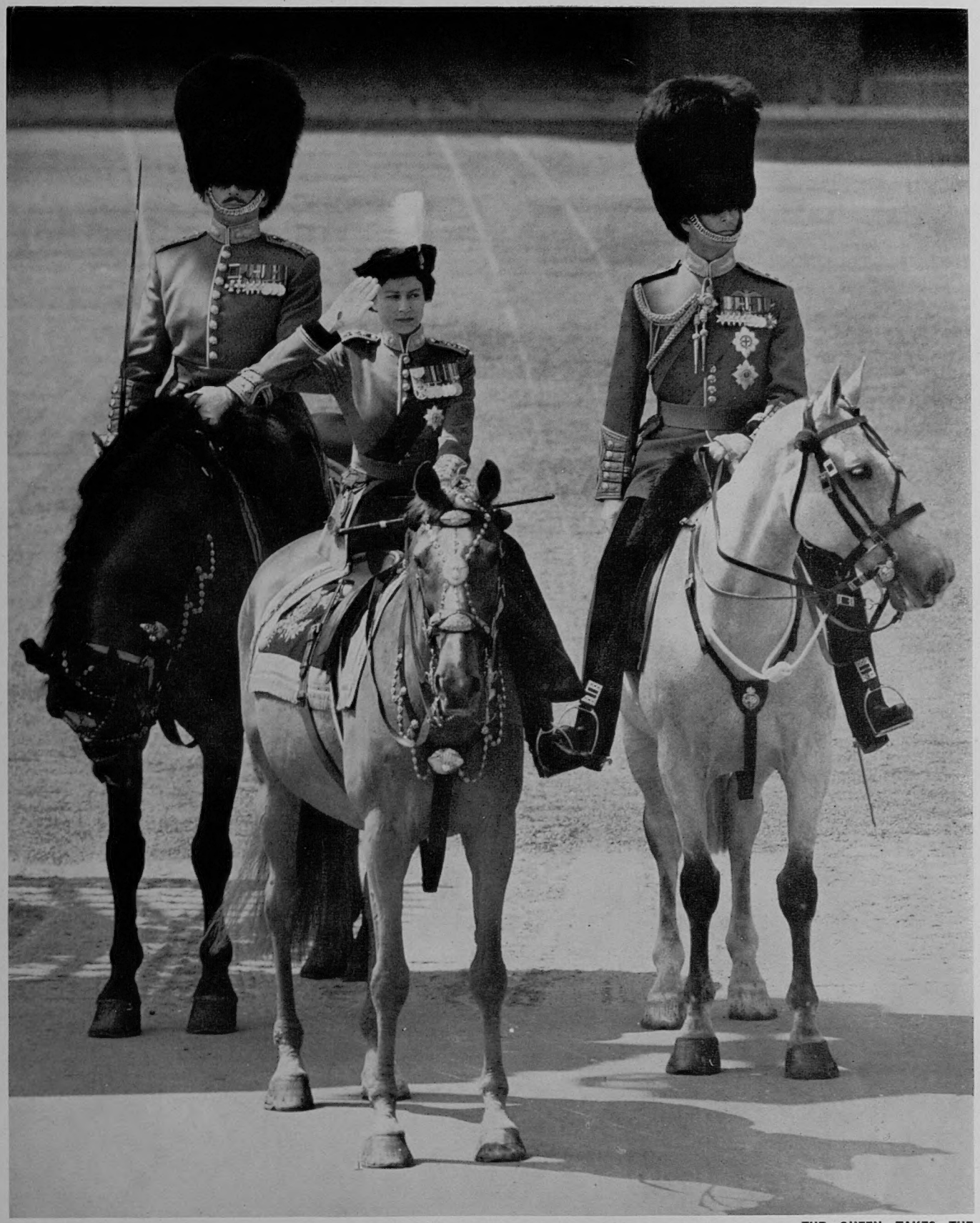
*On right—*

**THE REVIEW BEFORE THE PALACE: Her Majesty takes the salute as the Household Cavalry and the Guards parade past her after the ceremony of the Trooping. A large part of the crowds who witnessed the birthday celebrations are massed around the Victoria Memorial and down the sides of The Mall.**



# TROOPING THE COLOUR

*The Queen's Birthday Parade takes place in Bright Sunshine on Horse Guards Parade*



**THE QUEEN TAKES THE SALUTE:** Her Majesty takes the salute in the gateway of Buckingham Palace as the troops taking part in the Birthday Parade pass in review after the ceremonial Trooping. The Queen rode Winston, the police horse, a veteran of many parades and now rumoured to be about to retire. Her Majesty wore the scarlet tunic and insignia of the Grenadier Guards. In the front of her tricorn hat she wore their white plume.

*On left—*
**WATCHING THE FLY-PAST:** Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family watch the fly-past of the Royal Air Force, from a balcony of Buckingham Palace. From the left are: Princess Margaret, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Charles, Countess Mountbatten, the Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Anne and the Duke of Edinburgh. Both the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester accompanied the Queen.

**THE QUEEN AT THE TOWN HALL OF MIDDLESBROUGH: Her Majesty turns to smile as she goes into the Town Hall for luncheon during her one-day tour of Tees-side with the Duke of Edinburgh. The Royal party arrived at Stockton-on-Tees and drove through decorated streets to the racecourse at Thornaby. Here, at her special request, the Queen reviewed the 1st Battalion, the Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), of which she is Colonel-in-Chief.** Some 10,000 people saw the parade of 600 officers and men. Among the special guests was fourteen-year-old Robert Sandys Clarke, of Bolton, wearing the Victoria Cross awarded posthumously to his father, Lieutenant W. A. Sandys Clarke, for gallantry while serving with the Regiment in Tunisia. After the luncheon in Middlesbrough Town Hall, the Queen and the Duke went to the Imperial Chemical Industries' works at Wilton. They saw many stages in the making of Terylene, which is produced at the plant there, and an exhibition of Terylene products. Finally they toured the Lackenby steelworks of Messrs. Dorman Long and Company, where Her Majesty unveiled a plaque to commemorate her visit. Then they drove to Teesport to embark in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* for their voyage to Sweden.

# THE QUEEN SAILS FOR SWEDEN

*And Visits Tees-side Before Embarking for Stockholm in the Royal Yacht "Britannia"*

INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT STOCKTON: The Queen walks along the ranks of a guard of honour of the 1st Battalion, the Durham Light Infantry. It was drawn up outside Stockton-on-Tees, when she arrived at the station there for her tour of industrial areas of Tees-side.

ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT: From the bridge of *Britannia*, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh look down on the quayside of Teesport, near Middlesbrough, before they set out last Monday evening for Stockholm for their State visit to Sweden.

THE "BRITANNIA" STANDS OUT TO SEA: With the Royal Standard flying, the Royal Yacht sets out from Teesport with the Royal party for Sweden. *Britannia* was preceded from harbour by the Trinity House yacht *Patricia* and escorted by the R.N.V.R. minesweepers *Humber* and *Northumbria*. At sea the escort duties were taken over by the destroyers *Delight* and *Defender*, and the Canadian frigate *St. Laurent*. During her visit to Sweden the Queen will attend the opening of the Equestrian Olympic Games.

# SUMMER COMES TO PARIS

*Some Sidelights on Life and Events in the French Capital*

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

JUNE is the gayest month of the year in France. Notwithstanding the prevailing anxiety over North Africa, the increasing cost of living and the ravages caused by the winter frosts in the flower gardens of the Riviera and the wheatfields of Northern and Central France, all of which are faithfully reflected in current prices, the French are preparing to make the most of the cycling Tour de France, the rose gardens at Bagatelle, and the coming visit of the King and Queen of Greece this summer. The hotels and Casino at Deauville have been open since the Whitsun holiday, and a whole string of more modest seaside resorts is getting ready to greet the beneficiaries of the new law allocating three weeks' paid holiday to all workers and employees.

In the country villages which are threatened with an influx of cyclists and hikers, not to say motor-car owners and motor-cyclists, the peasants, who claim with some justice to be ignored by the new law, since they are occupied all the year round with work on the farm, will look at the new arrivals with envy. The restaurateurs and hotel proprietors will welcome their new clients, but most of the villagers share the traditional rural jealousy of the townsfolk.

**THE OLD AND THE NEW: Fluorescent lighting has been installed in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, but the old lamps are to be retained.**

Some time ago the Paris municipal authorities discovered that the Champs Elysées, once the most beautiful avenue in the world, but now almost invisible under its daily and nightly stream of cars, was badly lighted. It was even declared that if the electricity in the neon lighting and window displays of the shopkeepers were suddenly switched off, the avenue would be in darkness. Now, however, thanks to a new lighting system of 200 tall beacons with fluorescent lamps, the Champs Elysées has become a blaze of silver light. The old gas lamps, which in the early days of this century were compared by a romantic observer to a necklace of pearls suspended on both sides of the wide thoroughfare from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, have not been discarded. They are still there to recall to nostalgic ageing Parisians and English tourists the elegance and charm of the old Champs Elysées before the age of the automobile.

Two seemingly contradictory phenomena strike all those, French or foreign, who are interested in buying furniture in France. One is the increasingly high prices of period furniture, old silver, rare books, diamonds and furs, paintings and curiosities at the Salle Drouot, the famous Paris sale-rooms. The other is the relative expensiveness of the modern furniture in raw wood, chromium and iron tubing, which fills the smart modern decorators' shops along the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Boulevard Haussmann, and has even penetrated the petit-bourgeois fastnesses of the mass-production furniture warehouses of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

At the recent Salon des Artistes Décorateurs at the Grand Palais the modern emphasis on purity of line and simplicity of construction was carried by some exhibitors to an unusual length. One well-known woman decorator, Geneviève Pons, astonished the critics by exhibiting an armchair composed of three planks of unvarnished wood held together by bare iron hinges and supported on iron tubular legs. Next to a milking stool in a farm stable nothing could have been less complicated in design. I did not inquire the cost, but from the prices charged for other modern armchairs of the advanced type, hardly less extravagant in appearance, I would wager that a period piece of Empire furniture, now all the rage in Paris, would not cost more.

The discovery of the murder of a retired railway inspector, M. Bonamy, in a second-class compartment of the Quimper-Paris express recalls the still unsolved mystery of another murder between the same Brittany port and Paris a generation ago. Seznec, the man who was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of a business associate named Quémeneur, while they were travelling together by car to Paris, died some years ago after having vainly struggled to get his case reopened. His daughter, after a tragic marriage to a man who claimed to know the truth about the murder of Quémeneur, is still fighting for her father's rehabilitation.

The Seznec case has intrigued public opinion since the trial was held more than thirty years ago. Many lawyers believe in Seznec's innocence, and, as in many French murder trials, local prejudice swayed the jury which found him guilty.

A young actress, Micheline Pierre, who was elected last December "Princess of the Wines of France," is now in the United States charged with the agreeable mission of presenting to President Eisenhower and Mayor Robert Wagner of New York a case of rare French wines as the gift of President Coty. Mlle Pierre may also have been told to inform American amateurs confidentially that 1955 is likely to prove one of the greatest years in the modern history of French wine. It was notable both for quality and for quantity; 1956, on the other hand, may prove a good year for quality, if this summer is as sunny as it promises to be, but the wine will be both rare and expensive since a large part of the vines of the Bordeaux region suffered in the great frosts early in the year. The disaster may prove to be not entirely to the disadvantage of the vine-growers, however. The unprecedented run of good wine years since the war has filled to overflowing all the vats in the *chais* of the Bordeaux vineyards. A dearth of wine may this year prove to be a blessing in disguise, since it will keep prices up, and enable the vine-growers to unload their reserves.

A revival of interest in Cubism is suggested by the simultaneous appearance in a number of French galleries of works by the early Cubist painters. Among them are Nathalie Gontcharova and Larionov, who were engaged by the late Serge Diaghilev to decorate the Russian ballets, and Jean Crotti, a member of a gifted family of painters which includes Villon and Marcel and Suzanne Duchamp, and himself the inventor of a process for the reproduction of paintings in stained glass. The brilliant Georges Braque, who was with Picasso the founder of Cubism, is now showing at the Galerie Maeght a collection of his latest works. In sharp contrast to these Cubist exhibitions is the rare collection of eighteenth-century French paintings, from Watteau to Prudhon, arranged at the Galerie des Beaux Arts, adjoining the Champs Elysées.

Since the war the French reading-public—and a lot of people who have never read previously—have acquired a passion for crime fiction. The great Georges Simenon, a master of the psychological novel who somehow wandered into writing thrillers, has migrated to the United States and is believed to be living on a farm in Connecticut, but he continues to minister to his vast and enthusiastic following in France at the rate of three books a year. Many of his books have been translated into English and have delighted crime enthusiasts in this country with their blend of psychology and plot. The latest arrival in the crime book market is none other than our old friend Sherlock Holmes. The enterprising publisher Robert Laffont, who specialises in translating English-language books, has just issued a stout volume of Conan Doyle's master-work containing some of the most famous of Holmes's adventures, and he promises to publish the complete series eventually. The collection is prefaced by André Algarron, one of the most ardent students of the criminological element in fiction, and I was interested to note that "Monsieur Holmes" in a French setting is as impressive as in Baker Street. Both Holmes and Simenon's hero, Commissaire Maigret are pipe addicts.

**THE BANKS OF THE SEINE: The *quais* of the Seine have always been the haunts of artists of every nationality. There are few of the bridges which have not been painted or sketched from every conceivable angle and in every possible light. But still the artists come, and with them their attentive audiences.**

**PARIS IN THE SPRING: Under the seemingly jaundiced eye of a passer-by, a young couple sit on one of the cobbled walks alongside the Seine. The long tree-lined banks of the river have always been the haunts of dreamers, from tramps remembering the good old days to lovers with their thoughts in the future.**

THE PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA: The Potala Palace, traditional home of the Dalai Lama, stands on the brow of the "Iron Hill" overlooking Lhasa. The present Dalai Lama, who is just twenty-one years old, has spent six months in Pekin receiving instruction from the Chinese Communists on the administration of Tibet and its course towards "Socialism." He will be president of the newly-formed committee which will rule Tibet as an "autonomous region" of Communist China.

# TIBET UNDER CHINESE DOMINATION

*A Communist Delegation has Visited Lhasa to Mark the Setting up of a Chinese-Controlled Committee to Administer the Country*

FIVE years ago a Chinese Communist army marched across the frontiers of Tibet and carried out the "peaceful liberation" of the country. Since that initial conquest, Mao Tse Tung, Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, has had trouble integrating the new acquisition into the framework of the Communist State. The news of the setting-up of a committee to administer Tibet as an "autonomous region" of China came to Western ears shortly after a report in an Indian newspaper stated that some 80,000 Tibetans in the north-eastern part of the country had revolted against the local Chinese administration and massacred a garrison of 800 men. The two events strike a strange contrast, which is the prevailing characteristic of the state of affairs in the country at the moment.

The inauguration of the newly-formed committee was marked in Lhasa by displays of singing, dancing and acrobatics put on for the benefit of the visiting Chinese delegation. Watched by Pekin's chief delegate, Marshal Chen Yi, the young Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama, together with at least two "Living Buddhas," solemnly acknowledged that Tibet's entry into Socialism could only be achieved with the leadership of Communist China. Last year the two Lamas finished an intensive six-month course of Communist indoctrination in Pekin before their return to Lhasa.

ENTER THE COMMUNISTS: The Chinese delegation arrive in a fleet of motor-cars and trucks in Lhasa under the shadow of the Potala Palace. The delegation was led by Marshal Chen Yi, a Vice-Premier, and consisted of fifty-seven members. The long journey from Pekin along the highway to Lhasa took over a month.

Throughout the speeches made at the inauguration there were constant references on the part of Chinese delegates to the activities of "counter revolutionaries" and saboteurs. At the same time there was outspoken Tibetan comment insisting that the country be allowed to reach Socialism at its own speed. There was also insistance that there should be no infringement of the rights and powers of the religious authorities. One speaker put his argument in very un-Marxist phrases: "The Government must ensure that the political position and material life of the upper-class Tibetans, including upper-class people in the ecclesiastical sphere, will not be reduced." The measure of uncertainty in the country can be judged by the fact that this must be the only state where the construction of chanting rooms in the monasteries is put down as an achievement of Socialist reconstruction, or where any rumours of impending reform can be denounced by the Dalai Lama as "vicious fabrication."

The Chinese intention to develop the country at speed, and to open it to easy access from the main Chinese land mass, is quite clear from the speeches of their delegation at the opening meeting of the committee. Detailed accounts were given by Chinese members of the new roads which their countrymen have built to open up Tibet. The most important of these roads are those from Lhasa to the Indian border and from Lhasa to Gartok, in the far west of the country near the border with Kashmir. Two highways providing a direct link

(Continued on following page)

A BEND IN THE KINSHA RIVER: Barges carry lorries across the Kinsha at a ferry station on the Kangting-Lhasa highway. The development of the highways is one of the chief Chinese preoccupations. They intend to use them not only to ensure their own lines of communication with China, but also to allow the economic expansion of the country, which would indirectly put it more than ever under Communist control.

*On right—*

A TIBETAN GIRL IN CHINA: Eighteen-year-old Tseloje, from Tibet, drives a tractor on a collective farm in the Chinghai province of China, south of the lake of the same name. The girl was the first woman tractor driver in Chinghai, where she received her training. One of the Chinese aims in Tibet is to reform the agriculture.

MARSHAL CHEN YI WITH THE DALAI LAMA: The head of the Chinese delegation to Lhasa, Marshal Chen Yi (with hand to his hat), inspects a Tibetan guard of honour with the Dalai Lama (on his right).

THE TWO LAMAS: The Dalai Lama (on left) and the Panchen Lama in the palace of Lhasa. The two rulers will be president and vice-president respectively of the ruling committee set up by the Chinese.

CELEBRATING THE NEW COMMITTEE: A Han acrobatic troupe puts on an open air show for a Tibetan audience in front of the Potala Palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa. The dancing and mime were part of the celebrations which were organised to mark the inauguration of the ruling committee. The Hans are a distinct race living mainly in the eastern provinces of the country.

THE LEADERS OF THE NEW TIBET: Left to right are Pangpapogi, Tibetan (vice-chairman); Chejenpanchiac, Tibetan (vice-chairman); Ngabov Ngawang Jigme, Tibetan (chairman of the administrative committee); Chen Ching-Po, of the Han race, and Lozong Sungdin, Tibetan (vice-chairmen).

# TIBET UNDER CHINESE DOMINATION

(*Concluded from previous page*)

with China already exist, having been opened late in 1954. One leads from Lhasa through Lanchow-Sining, the other through Chengtu-Yaan. These two roads, securing lines of communication for the Communist army of occupation, have done more than anything else to strengthen the Chinese hold on the country. Communist China claims to have spent £43,000,000 on these roads and on the preparatory surveying for a railway from Chinghai, in the north-east. There was also heavy emphasis by the Chinese on an imposing list of new schools, hospitals and agricultural schemes.

The reports that have come in concerning the revolt in the north-eastern regions of Tibet have not received confirmation from any source. The rising is said to have taken place among Golok tribesmen under a local leader called Ma Bofano. According to the same report, they have " more or less liberated the eastern regions of Tibet from Chinese rule." Since this part of the country is extremely inhospitable and barren, the likelihood of complete Communist control over it, even at the best of times, is not great. The Indian newspaper which carried the first reports of the rising, said that anti-Communist tribesmen first rebelled in 1954, attacking Chinese outposts and killing Chinese troops. They were encouraged to some extent in this by Chinese Nationalist elements still at large in the western districts of China.

This present revolt, according to the report, first began as an anti-tax campaign. When the Communist-controlled authorities at Lhasa imposed new taxes the campaign broke into open defiance and was intensified when rationing came into force for commodities essential to the daily

EXHIBITIONS IN LHASA : The efficiency of a new combine harvester is demonstrated in front of the Potala Palace. Various demonstrations and exhibitions of agricultural machines were given for the benefit of the Tibetans by the visiting Chinese delegation during the celebrations attending their arrival. The diverse exhibitions covered such fields as agriculture, animal husbandry, education and health. All the equipment and spares had to be transported along the newly constructed highways.

STATE DEPARTMENT STORE IN TIBET: A newly opened department store in Chamdo is thronged with eager Tibetans seeking to buy the recently imported Chinese goods.

ritual of the Lamas. The answer of the Chinese central garrison to the rising was to carry out a series of punitive bombing attacks on the scattered villages in the north-eastern provinces and to send armed columns of troops into the worst-affected areas.

The Chinese are preoccupied at the moment with strengthening their hold over the central administration under the assumption that once their authority is assured in Lhasa then it will be only a matter of time before the rest of the country is brought under effective control. Whether this policy will be successful remains to be seen, but it is worthwhile remembering the long history of Tibetan resistance to Chinese attempts at domination.

FROM CHINA TO LHASA : The narrow streets of the once "Forbidden City" now echo to the roar of exhausts as lorries from China pass up and down the Kangting-Lhasa highway. This highway is one of the arteries of the Communists' communication system for maintaining their army in Tibet. In the background is the Palace of the Dalai Lama.

# FOREST PONIES

*In the New Forest Animals are Creating a Serious Traffic Problem*

It has often been observed that animals of many kinds adapt themselves quickly to the conditions of the mid-twentieth century. Thus sheep and cows will graze unmoved by an airfield from which jet aircraft scream in take-off. A monster tank rumbling noisily along a highway draws more attention from boys than from horses in the fields at the side. But this adaptability brings dangers for both animals and humans. Nowhere is this more applicable than in the New Forest.

The animals, and especially the charming ponies, in this wide area of Hampshire appear to have no traffic sense at all. The ponies welcome visitors, often standing right in the middle of the highway to greet them, and they are a delightful addition to the company at a picnic. In Lyndhurst and Lymington cows will sit down in some shady spot along the busiest thoroughfares. Elsewhere geese, pigs and even deer are to be seen wandering about on the dusty roads as though the motor-car had not yet been invented.

Such friendly relations between *homo sapiens* and the other species of animals are admirable. But they lead to dangers to all concerned. For many years there have been notices at various points in the forest reminding travellers that cattle tend to sleep in the middle of the road. At night many motorists have pulled up sharp as a curious lumpy shape comes before their headlights and then have had to cope with the difficult problem of removing a ruminant determined upon its right to stay where it chooses.

In the last few years the number of motorists going to the Forest has considerably increased. So, incidentally, has the number of the ponies. The record of casualties among the animals has been sharply growing. In 1954, for instance, there were approximately 1,000 ponies in the Forest during the winter months and a further 3,000 or more during the summer. In that year ninety-three ponies were killed on the roads and another fifty injured.

The authorities concerned are paying a great deal of attention to possible methods for reducing the animal casualties. Last year the Automobile Association erected on the roads approaching the Forest sixty-seven new types of warning notices to motorists about the danger from animals. For some years the feeding of the ponies at the roadside has been discouraged and now a by-law to prohibit feeding within 50 yards of the highway is being considered. There have been suggestions for erecting still more warning notices, for increasing roadside fencing, and for improving lighting of the roads at night.

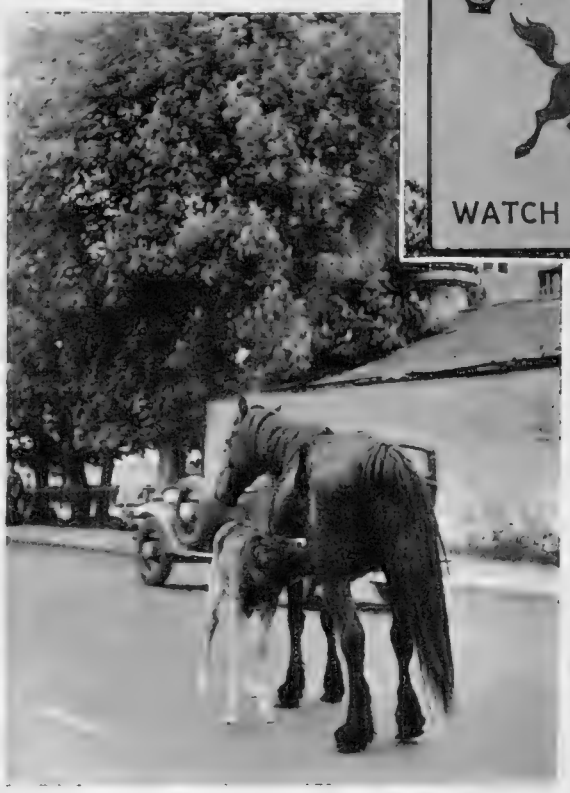
It is not always realised that the ponies are not wild. Each has an owner whose registered brand it bears. Every owner possesses certain rights in the Forest and may turn his animals loose upon the payment of a small annual fee. These ancient Commoner's Rights are much prized by local people. Also the ponies serve at least two very useful purposes. First, they act as "lawn-mowers" and keep down undergrowth which might otherwise turn the land into a wilderness. And secondly, they are ideal mounts for the young riders who are joining British pony clubs in ever increasing numbers all over the country.

**PONIES AND FOALS BY A NEW FOREST ROAD: They are very tame and friendly towards human beings and often roam on the roads. With the increase of motorists in the Forest this has led to higher casualties each summer among the animals.**

**"SELF-SERVICE": The mare has walked up a street in Lymington and is helping herself from the produce at a greengrocer's shop.**

**DONKEYS WELCOME VISITORS: They too are attracted by cars. Deer, geese and pigs are other animals which wander freely.**

**WARNING TO MOTORISTS:** This is one of the sixty-seven signs which the Automobile Association erected last summer on the roads approaching the Forest in an attempt to help reduce casualties among the ponies.



***On left—***

**NO TRAFFIC SENSE:** A mare suckles her foal in the middle of the main Southampton–Bournemouth road in Lyndhurst. The ponies' indifference to traffic is a major problem on the New Forest roads.

**A COW TAKES A REST IN A STREET IN LYNDHURST: The pavement and wall offer a cool place for a rest. Passers-by have stopped to offer nourishment from their shopping-basket. All Forest animals seem to pay no attention to danger from traffic even on the main roads.**

**NOT AN IDEAL FEEDING GROUND: But the pony has just helped itself to a loaf from the back of a van and, intent upon its capture, is oblivious to the cars at a crossing in Lyndhurst. Every effort is now being made to keep animals off the roads.**

# NEW SHAPES IN SHIPPING

*A New Cunarder Will Soon be Making Her Maiden Voyage; New Designs for Small Craft; and a New Dry-dock*

*On left—*
**THE CUNARD LINER "CARINTHIA" IS MADE READY FOR HER SPEED TRIALS: The 22,000-ton liner is seen at her fitting-out basin at John Brown's yard on Clydebank, just before leaving for dry-docking at Elderslie, in preparation for her speed trials. She is due to sail on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Montreal on June 27.** The *Carinthia*, the third of four new liners for the Cunard Line's Canadian service, has the same high superstructure as her sister-ships and the distinctive domed funnel designed to facilitate the dispersal of smoke and exhaust gases. Twin screws driven by steam turbines will give her a speed of approximately 20 knots, and stabilisers have been fitted to reduce rolling during the Atlantic crossings. She will carry nearly 900 passengers in two classes. *Carinthia* was launched by Princess Margaret last December. The *Sylvania*, the last of the four new liners in the series, is expected to be launched at the end of this year.

**A NEW HIGH-SPEED ALUMINIUM LAUNCH TO SEAT SEVEN PEOPLE: Two views of the 19-ft.-long Corsaire Mark IV launch, which is half the weight of most of its competitors due to the Two Way Tension method of building in light alloys. Weighing about 300 lb., it can be easily towed on a trailer or hoisted aboard yachts which have difficulty in carrying heavier boats of a similar size.** In the construction of the boat there is a saving of 50 per cent. of the weight and cost of aluminium normally required because of the increased resilience and relative strength of the hull which results from the special method of flexing the aluminium sheet. This allows plate of half the normal thickness to be used. Thus the lightness of the hull permits propulsion by smaller, lighter and less expensive motors of approximately half the normal power. The Corsaire was designed by Mr. Brian Grimston and built in collaboration with Fairey Marine, of Hamble. When fitted with an inboard Ford Consul engine the launch costs £790.

**A NEW HIGH-SPEED SWISS "FLYING" WATERCRAFT: This new Swiss boat is fitted with wing-like appendages which sweep it above the water-line to a speed of 50 m.p.h. It is seen here making its maiden run between Messina, in Sicily, and Reggio di Calabria, in Italy, in less than six minutes.**

**A NEW LARGE DRY-DOCK AT SOUTH SHIELDS: The *Cressington Court*, a cargo motor ship of 10,025 tons, is seen in the 715-ft.-long dry-dock, which is owned by Brigham and Cowan Ltd., at South Shields. The dock is designed to accommodate tankers up to 38,000 tons. At the end of last month a newly-built 32,000-ton oil tanker was due to have a final dry-docking in the new dock.**

# MEMORIAL AT CASSINO

*Commemorating over 4,000 British Troops who have no Known Graves*

**THE NEW MEMORIAL IN THE BRITISH WAR CEMETERY AT CASSINO: Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis is to unveil a new memorial at the Cassino cemetery in September to commemorate over 4,000 British troops who were killed in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns and have no known graves.** This general view of the cemetery shows how it is overlooked by the renowned Monte Cassino with the Benedictine monastery on its crest. The town of Cassino lies beyond the cemetery. In the left middle distance can be seen the new memorial cross, with the garden surrounding it under construction. To the right background are two of the twelve big marble tablets that will bear the names of 4,000 British dead. The same number of dead already lie in the cemetery, killed in the bitter fighting around Monte Cassino twelve years ago, during the advance on Rome. Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis was then Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy. The memorial is being constructed by the Imperial War Graves Commission.

**IN MEMORIAM: Italian workmen prepare the formal garden which will surround the Cross of Sacrifice. The ornamental pool is at the left of the picture. *On right*—One of the twelve massive commemorative tablets that record the names of over 4,000 British dead with no known graves Behind it, scaffolding stands around a half-finished tablet. The designer of the memorial is Mr. Louis de Soissons, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., official architect in Italy for the Imperial War Graves Commission.**

THE GUARDS ATTACK IN THE PRELUDE TO BLENHEIM: A portrayal of the King's Royal Regiment of Guards storming the heights of Schellenberg in 1704 is among the six dioramas in the Tercentenary Exhibition of the Grenadier Guards at St. James's Palace, in London. Schellenberg, a village near Salzburg, was the first engagement in Marlborough's campaign which culminated at Blenheim. The dioramas show some of the many engagements in which the Grenadiers have distinguished themselves.

A GALLANT ENGAGEMENT IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR IN WHICH THE GRENADIERS ADDED TO THEIR VICTORIA CROSSES: No. 2 Company, 4th Battalion The Grenadier Guards, fights its way out at La Couronne on the Western Front on April 13, 1918. In this diorama the Germans are attacking from all sides and the Guards are counter-attacking. After the action Captain Pryce, in command of the company, was awarded the Victoria Cross, one of the many won by the Regiment.

ON THE WAY TO LIBERATE BRUSSELS IN 1944: The joint infantry-tank attack of September 3 is represented here. The Grenadier units engaged are the King's Company, 1st Battalion, and No. 2 Squadron 2nd (Armoured) Battalion. They are advancing from the wood on the right against the Germans entrenched below the top of the slope on the left. During the Second World War the Regiment saw service in France in 1939 and later in Africa, Italy and north-west Europe.

# GRENADIERS' GLORIES

*The Tercentenary Exhibition in London of the Grenadier Guards*

It is perhaps typical of English history that the premier Regiment of the Foot Guards was founded outside the shores of this country. At Bruges in 1656, Charles II, during his exile from the Protectorate, formed a personal escort from the Cavaliers who had followed him. They were styled His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards. They returned to England with him at the Restoration in 1660 and were given the title of the First Regiment, or the King's Royal Regiment of Guards.

From these beginnings 300 years ago the Grenadier Guards trace an unbroken continuity. In the eighteenth century they adopted the grenade as their cap-badge. At this time the hand-bomb was the equivalent of the modern nuclear projectile—the new weapon, which could only be employed by picked men capable of handling it from the exposed position of the right of the line and the front.

The Regiment did not officially become Grenadier Guards until 1815, when the Prince Regent bestowed the title on it as an honour for having participated in Waterloo. Whether or not the First Guards did play the part attributed to them by military legend in the final overthrow of Napoleon is debatable. But no one will deny that in 300 years of campaigning they have covered themselves with glory and established a unique tradition of gallantry.

Abundant evidence of this is to be seen in the Tercentenary Exhibition now open at St. James's Palace. The story of the Regiment through 300 years of peace and war is told by means of pictures and prints, by relics and model uniforms, by silver and china and by dioramas.

One section of the exhibition is a gallery of portraits of the twenty colonels of the Regiment since 1656. The first was Thomas Lord Wentworth, and the last is the present Colonel, General Lord Jeffreys. His portrait shown is by Davidson Houston.

Britain's two greatest soldiers—Marlborough and Wellington—were the Regiment's most distinguished colonels. The Marlborough relics are of particular interest. They include the commission to the young John Churchill in 1667 as an Ensign in the First Guards and the famous Blenheim Letter written by him to his Duchess Sarah after the great victory of 1704. There are various examples of table linen and glasses used by Marlborough and, a reminder of the difficult times in which he lived, an instruction regarding his command at Salisbury under James II, whom he soon afterwards deserted.

There can be scarcely a famous battle from 1656 until to-day in which the Grenadiers did not take part. The exhibits recall the gallantry of the ranks as well as the officers. The Regiment won four of the first Victoria Crosses to be awarded after the Crimean War.

Modern war does not lend itself to the capture of trophies, as was the custom in the past. But the range of exhibits for 1939-49 emphasizes how in the last war Grenadiers added to their great tradition. A Maginot Line badge for the 3rd Battalion which did duty in France in the winter of 1939; a Chinese decoration made to Colonel R. P. Fleming for his services; the sword, dagger and car pennant of the German Corps commander who surrendered with his headquarters and 70,000 Germans on VE-Day. Looking at such items, it seems a long way from the camp outside Bruges in 1656. But along every yard the road is paved with glory.

# GRENADIERS' GLORIES *(Cont.)*

In this diorama Charles II, in exile at Bruges, rides out in 1656 to inspect for the first time the camp of His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards, formed that year from Cavaliers who had joined him in Flanders. On returning to England he took his soldiers with him and they became known as the First Regiment, or the King's Royal Regiment of Guards. Thus began the Grenadier's 300-year history.

THE FIR P

The Grenadier Guards advance to capture the sandbag battery at the Battle of Inkerman in 1854. In the Crimean War the Regiment won four of the first Victoria Crosses to be awarded. The medals are on view in the Tercentenary Exhibition at St. James's Palace. Other exhibits relating to this campaign include relics of Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, who was himself a Grenadier.

ATTACK IN HI

PARADE

The grenade was adopted as the regimental cap badge of the First Guards in the middle of the eighteenth century. This is evidence of the high repute its ranks had already earned, for in this period the grenade, or hand-bomb, was the new weapon used by picked men on the right of the line. The title " Grenadier Guards " was bestowed by the Prince Regent on the regiment after the Battle of Waterloo.

HE CRIMEA

The whole of the exhibition gives a clear idea of the Grenadier's unique and magnificent history. It is divided into sections which include Marlborough and his campaigns; the Eighteenth Century; the French Revolutionary Wars and Wellington's Battles; and the two World Wars of this Century. The Grenadiers have the privilege of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets.

# GRENADIERS' GLORIES *(Cont.)*

THE QUEEN AT THE GRENADIER GUARDS TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION: Her Majesty is accompanied at St. James's Palace by Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, Bt., Lieut.-Colonel Commanding, Grenadier Guards. She is looking at a bust by Dieussart of King Charles II, founder of the Regiment. This is one of the exhibits lent by the Guild Royale St. Sebastien de Bruges, where the Regiment was formed in 1656. The King was a member of the Guild and also on show is its Golden Book, in which he undertook to pay the traditional death debt of 1,000 écus.

A LETTER FROM WATERLOO: In "The Drummer Boy After the Battle," the young Grenadier is using his drum as a table for writing a letter from the Low Countries. The painting is by Ricks and was probably executed about 1870.

"THE DRUMMER BOY AT BALACLAVA": The artist is unknown. It is lent to the Exhibition by Major J. E. M. Napier.

COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT: This statuette of the Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, is made of Royal Worcester porcelain.

FATHER AND SON IN THE REGIMENT: Sir William Beechey, R.A., was the artist of this painting, which shows General Viscount Lake, formerly First Guards, and his son, Lieut.-Colonel George Lake, at the Battle of Laswarree in 1803.

JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: The statuette is by Gilbert Bayes. The victor of Blenheim was commissioned into the King's Royal Regiment of Guards (now Grenadier Guards) in 1667, and became Colonel of the Regiment.

JET AIRCRAFT DOMINATE THE ZURICH AIR SHOW: Vickers Valiant jet bombers pass over the airfield at Dübendorf, near Zurich, during the first major international air show to be held since the war. On the second day of the display, an estimated half a million spectators watched aerobatics by aircraft of all nations. *On right*—A Russian TU 104 jet air liner shows its paces to the crowd. This was the aircraft that brought the Russian secret police chief, General Serov, to London.

AEROBATIC ACES: Heads turn and ears are covered as the "Skyblazers," a crack United States Air Force aerobatic team, go through their evolutions over the crowd at Dübendorf airport. The aircraft are F-86 Sabre jets.

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST JET? The French SIPA 200 "Minijet" is said to be the world's smallest jet plane. It is designed as a liaison aircraft and jet trainer.

# AIR POWER ON SHOW AT ZURICH

*Civil and Military Aircraft Show Their Paces*

The Zurich air show provided the first truly international exhibition of air power since the war, for aircraft from Russia and Czechoslovakia were displayed beside those from Western nations. The Russians showed off their TU 104 jet air liner, and the Americans made a massive display of aerial strength in every field. Their F-100C Super Sabre jet fighters and Nike guided missile were on show on the Continent for the first time. Britain showed five Hunter jet fighters and two Valiant jet bombers. France, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Switzerland and Western Germany were also represented.

THE END: The Zurich air show concluded on a sombre note, with the explosion of this double napalm fire-bomb. It served as a reminder that the emphasis of the show had been on instruments of war and destruction. *On right*—"Honest John" draws the crowds. This United States Army guided missile is seen on its mobile launching ramp at Kloten airfield, Zurich. Its towing vehicle is in the foreground. "Honest John" is a ground-to-ground missile for supporting troops.

# HELICOPTERS ON THE CONTINENT AND AT SEA

*German and Russian Machines; Bathers Rescued by the Navy off Tintagel Head*

**THE VERSATILE HELICOPTER: This "build-it-yourself" helicopter is a German machine, constructed by Mr. Walter Schlieske, and was on show at a flying display at Oerlinghausen, Lippe, in central Germany. It did not fly on that occasion, but the builder expects that it will do so in the next few weeks. The helicopter is claimed to be the first that will be offered in kit form to be built following a sheet of instructions. The power unit is an Ariston jet motor, said to be able to run on a variety of fuels. The kit will cost about £150 and the aircraft will probably have a speed of over 65 m.p.h.**

**TWO RUSSIAN RECORDS? Soviet pilot Vinitsky rises from the Tushino aerodrome near Moscow, with a load of 1 ton aboard his MI.4 helicopter. It is claimed that Vinitsky rose to a height of almost 20,000 ft. with this load. *Below*—Pilot R. Kaprelyan takes off on a similar record attempt in another MI.4 machine, with a load of 2 tons, which, it is said, he lifted to an altitude of only 100 ft. less than Vinitsky. These achievements have been submitted to the International Aviation Federation for confirmation as records. The MI.4 machine is similar in general design to the American Sikorsky S-55.**

**A DRAMATIC RESCUE AT SEA: A Royal Navy helicopter rescues a farmer and his dog from the coast of Cornwall. The farmer, Mr. Frank Welland, of Burnham-on-Sea, was bathing with the former's dog, a dachshund named Tessa, when they were cut off by the tide. The Naval Air Station at Culdrose, and is a Westland Dragonfly, much used by the Royal Navy** The helicopter approaches the rock to which the stranded farmer is clinging. The rescue line with machine. *Top right*—The marooned man attaches himself to the rescue apparatus. *Above*—The lift begins. The helicopter flies off with its load dangling beneath it. The machine made three flights in all. Welland off, his dachshund slipped back onto the rock, and he abandoned his rescuers to retrieve the another run to pick up Welland and the animal. The Westland Dragonfly can carry a variety of types net for saving men floating helplessly at sea, and two stretchers in enclosed panniers on either side of

**Atlantic off Tintagel Head, on the another farmer, Mr. John Collins, and helicopter had come from the Royal for air-sea rescue work.** *Top of page*— its belt can be seen hanging beneath the as Welland clutches his dog. *On right*— When it made its first attempt to take dog. The helicopter then had to make of rescue equipment, including the scoop the fuselage for carrying injured men.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON COMPETE IN A RACE: In the foreground is the 50-ton staysail schooner *Lumber Jack*, owned and sailed by the Hon. Max Aitken. Beyond, Lord Runciman is in his 25-ton cutter *Sandavore* with full sail. Both yachts are being driven to their limits as they approach the Royal Yacht Squadron's finishing line off Cowes.

THE STARTING POINT AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CASTLE: The starting flagpole is the mast of the old yacht *Bloodhound*. Around its base are the saluting and starting cannon presented to the R.Y.S. by King Edward VII. The cutter going about on the starting line is the author's *Fresh Breeze*. The old castle, which is the Squadron's headquarters, was built over 400 years ago.

# THE R.Y.S. INFLUENCE

*Yachtsmen are Deeply Indebted to the Royal Yacht Squadron for its Encouragement to Sailing for More than a Century*

By UFFA FOX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEKEN OF COWES

FOR over 100 years the Royal Yacht Squadron has led the way in thought and action in the design and construction of sailing vessels. In the Squadron's early days the Royal Navy was still driven by sail, and the R.Y.S. was looked upon as a school of naval architecture. Many of its early vessels were designed and developed, manned and gunned exactly as the naval brigs of that time. The most notable of all was the famous brig, *Water Witch*, which outsailed the naval brigs, although carrying the same crew and armament.

The monument to its first Commodore, the Earl of Yarborough, and Governor of the Isle of Wight, still stands boldly at the top of Bembridge. The plaque records that his great wisdom added enormously to our knowledge of naval architecture. The Squadron to-day still contributes to this sphere. Lord Runciman, a member of the Squadron Sailing Committee, is President of the Institution of Naval Architects and of the Shipping Federation.

One of the earliest excitements of the summer will be the cross-Channel dingy race, on Saturday, June 16, from Folkestone to Boulogne, a distance of 25 miles. This is the first cross-Channel race for small centre boarders ever to be organised. There will be, in all probability, 100 starters, all of them centre boarders, 14 ft. and upwards, coming from all parts of the British Isles, as well as from French waters. One of the most interesting boats in the race is owned by the Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. This new centre boarder is 24 ft. overall, 6 ft. 3 ins. beam and has very fine planing lines. Because she has a gunter lug rig, with the effect of a main mast and top mast, she has the great advantage that as the mainsail is reefed so is the top mast until, finally, the top of her spars and sails are only 19 ft. above the deck. When close reefed she is low and snugly rigged.

This arrangement has enabled me, as the designer, to give her a generous sail area of 300 sq. ft., for boats designed to plane at high speeds must be given lines which detract from their speed in light weather. Therefore, this new 24-footer is a capable boat in light or heavy weather, and suitable for inland, as well as sea sailing.

In the British Isles it is only natural that almost everyone has a great love for the sea. This is reflected in the regattas round our coast in which 1,000 sailing clubs organize races from early May until late September.

Every harbour, estuary and cove has its sailing enthusiasts. Some estuaries have as many as twelve yacht and sailing clubs based on their shores. All these clubs, and those who race in their contests, are helped by the Royal Yachting Association, the law-making authority which governs sailing round our shores. Until recently the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Sir Ralph Gore, had been for many years the President of the R.Y.A. and yachting flourished as a result. He retired at this year's spring meeting of the R.Y.A. In his place the Duke of Edinburgh was elected President with acclamation. So now the Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron is also the President of the R.Y.A., and the influence of the Royal Yacht Squadron on the sport of sailing will be continued.

THE DINING-ROOM OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: Over the fireplace is a portrait of King Edward VII. As Prince of Wales he was Commodore from 1882 until 1901 and as King, Admiral until 1909. To the left of the fireplace hangs a painting of the Duke of Leeds and on the left wall a portrait of the Earl of Wilton, Commodore, 1849-1881. This picture and the others of the interior of the R.Y.S. headquarters on these pages are among the first ever to be published.

As well as coastal races and regattas, there are also the Royal Ocean Racing Club's events, and many of their pleasant races start across the Royal Yacht Squadron line.

On the last two days of Cowes Week two fleets will be sent across this line. One starts on Friday, August 10, from Cowes to Plymouth. The second will be on Saturday, August 11, and the race is from Cowes to San Sebastian, in Spain. Throughout the summer there are races for every kind of boat in every kind of water. These races are fully appreciated by our salt-blooded nation. For the wind and sea are the same now as they were at the time of the Spanish Armada and the Battle of Trafalgar.

It is this which, to my mind, lifts the sport of sailing above all other sports. Once we put off from the shore we have to handle our vessel to suit the waves of the sea and the winds of heaven and seldom do we get conditions exactly the same. Their respective strengths are variable and there is a great, endless fascination in attempting to judge them, for we can never tell if our judgment has been correct until we have finished a particular voyage.

From Christmas to Whitsun we get a great deal of north and east winds. A north-easterly wind is never

HISTORIC BIG YACHTS: *Left—Britannia*, seen here off Cowes in 1925, is undoubtedly the Royal Yacht Squadron's most famous boat. Built by King Edward VII, she achieved a great reputation under King George V, who frequently sailed her himself. *Right*—Two other famous R.Y.S. boats: Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's *Endeavour II* is followed by *Endeavour I*.

PAST AND PRESENT: *Left*—This picture is of the old *Bloodhound* during her days at sea. Her mainsail is now the signal mast for the R.Y.S. headquarters. She was a straight stemmer and was launched in 1874. *Right*—The 12-metre *Tomahawk* is the last of many racing vessels owned by the present Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Sir Ralph Gore.

ONE OF THE YACHTS OF THE ADMIRAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: *Fairey Fox*, the new boat of the Duke of Edinburgh, is put through her trials in Cowes Roads. At the helm is Uffa Fox, who designed her. She is 24 ft. long, with a beam of 6 ft. 3 ins. and has a generous sail area of 300 sq. ft. She is in next week's cross-Channel race.

FAMOUS FIGURES IN R.Y.S. HISTORY: In this corner of the dining-room at the Squadron headquarters a portrait of King George V is on the left. From the corner are pictures of the Marquis of Donegal, Commodore, 1847-48, and next the Earl of Yarborough, the first Commodore. The large canvas shows *Pearl*, *Falcon* and the brig *Water Witch*.

INSIDE THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS: In the library hangs a large portrait of the Emperor Napoleon III, who lived for a time in exile in Cowes. On the case of books in the centre is a model in silver of the old Royal cutter *Britannia*. The library in the castle contains a fine collection of books on sailing and kindred subjects.

true in strength and direction in any part of the world, but this wind brings dry sunshiny weather, even if cold, to the British Isles. So for all the early races round our coast or inland, the weather tends to be cold and the winds untrue, and the helmsman must watch for the winds swinging to and fro and take advantage of this, and also for its variation in strength.

June tends to be a quiet month. However, towards the end of July the boisterous westerly breezes come in. Sweeping right across the Atlantic they gather strength and are thoroughly true, although there are heavy squalls. But this wind also brings rain with it and varied weather conditions.

It has often been said that the business of our nation revolves round sport. Schools, Parliament, and the Law Courts all break up in July. Thus their members can enjoy sailing, fishing and shooting. The climax of the sailing year is reached with Cowes Week, which is always arranged to fall between Goodwood races and the opening of grouse shooting on August 12. It is during the world's greatest yachting festival—Cowes Week this year is from Saturday, August 4, to Saturday, August 11—that the Royal Yacht Squadron is seen at its best. It is the backbone of Cowes, for it gives half the regattas for the week, the others being given by the Royal Southampton Yacht Club; the Royal Thames Yacht Club; the Royal London; the Royal Southern Yacht Club; the Royal Ocean Racing Club; the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club; and the Island Sailing Club. The Royal Yacht Squadron is the host to all these yacht clubs because it loans its starting lines, cannons and racing facilities and renders them every kind office and service. Every season sees the number of sailing vessels increasing. This August Cowes Week there will be in the region of 500 starters in all classes every day.

To the general public the Royal Yacht Squadron building in Cowes is known only from the outside, with its mellow grey stoned walls bathed in warm summer sunshine. Even the exterior view is exciting, for this castle was built as a fortress by Henry VIII, and has witnessed the march of events for four centuries. On these pages are pictures of the interior of the Squadron's headquarters. I believe they are among the first to be published for the general public of the fine rooms which contain many splendid pictures and historic treasures.

The Royal Yacht Squadron has been a steady influence for good in seafaring matters from its earliest days until the present time. It has given great encouragement to every kind of seagoing sailing craft, and many of us have delightful trophies that we have won in its regattas which serve to remind us of this fact. Throughout its life it has fostered first-rate seamen, and it is certain that it will long continue to do so.

# ANCIENT CYPRUS

*Important Discoveries on the Site of the City of Salamis*

In spite of the high political tension in Cyprus, the Antiquities Department there is continuing on its plans for excavating the site of Salamis, which was once a famous city of the ancient world. It lies a few miles outside Famagusta and the excavations so far undertaken this year have been directed to the area of the Forum, the Temple and the Gymnasium. It is believed that the Temple was desecrated by the early Christians and then restored, but for use partly as a bathing pool. Round the pool a group of headless statues has been found. One has been identified as representing Hygeia, the Goddess of Health. In a drain beneath a floor were uncovered two Aphrodite torsos and the missing part of a statue of Hermaphroditus. The other part of it has been in the Cyprus Museum since 1890. Salamis was colonised by the Greeks around 1000 B.C. and captured by the Romans in 58 B.C. It suffered severely from an earthquake in the fourth century A.D. but was rebuilt by the Emperor Constantius, who renamed the city Konstantia.

**A BATHING-POOL OF ANTIQUITY IN CYPRUS: Surrounded by statues, it lies close to the old Forum in Salamis in the area now being excavated by the Department of Antiquities of Cyprus. Archæologists have recently made a number of important finds.**

*On left—*
**STONES OF A 3,000-YEAR-OLD CITY: Excavations are starting on a section between the Gymnasium and the sea. Salamis was founded by the Greeks in 1,000 B.C. and taken by the Romans in 58 B.C.**

**HEADLESS STATUES: These are some of the statues which stand round the bathing-pool. All of them are now headless. Other statues found recently at Salamis include two torsos of the goddess Aphrodite and the lower part of a figure of Hermaphroditus.**

**THE SHAPE OF THE FORUM: Its marble pillars show that it must have been one of the finest examples of its period. Nearby were the Gymnasium and the Temple. The latter was a fine building which was desecrated by the early Christians and then restored. Part of it was converted into a bathing-pool surrounded by pagan statues.**

**THE GODDESS OF HEALTH: The headless statue of Hygeia by the bathing-pool is one of the few of this group of classical figures which so far have been identified.**

# GREEK AGAINST TURK

*Violence between Communities; and Other Recent Pictures from Cyprus*

When Sir John Harding returned to Britain at the beginning of this week to report to the Government on events in Cyprus, he could tell of some hard blows struck by his security forces against the Eoka terrorists. His return home coincided with the release of news that throughout last month British units had combined in a series of successful operations in many parts of the island. Besides a large haul of weapons and explosives, at least seventeen "hard core" or notorious leading terrorists had been captured.

Less satisfactory, however, is the increasing tempo of outbreaks of violence between the Greek and Turkish communities in Cyprus. Not only in Nicosia but in the surrounding villages the rival races have clashed on several occasions recently. Over one week-end there were, as a result, two deaths and a number of serious casualties.

From the very nature of his post as Governor, Sir John is high on the list of lives threatened by Eoka. On the occasion of the Queen's birthday parade in Nicosia stringent precautions were taken all round the ground to prevent terrorist activity.

HE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE IN NICOSIA: Sir John Harding (centre, at the microphone) leads the cheers for Her Majesty at the parade in the capital of Cyprus. Special precautions were taken to guard against terrorists. Soldiers were posted at strategic points round the ground.

AN INTERVIEW WITH RANDOLPH CHURCHILL: The journalist son of Sir Winston Churchill talks with British troops in Nicosia. Mr. Churchill was in Cyprus to write articles for a London newspaper.

*On left—*

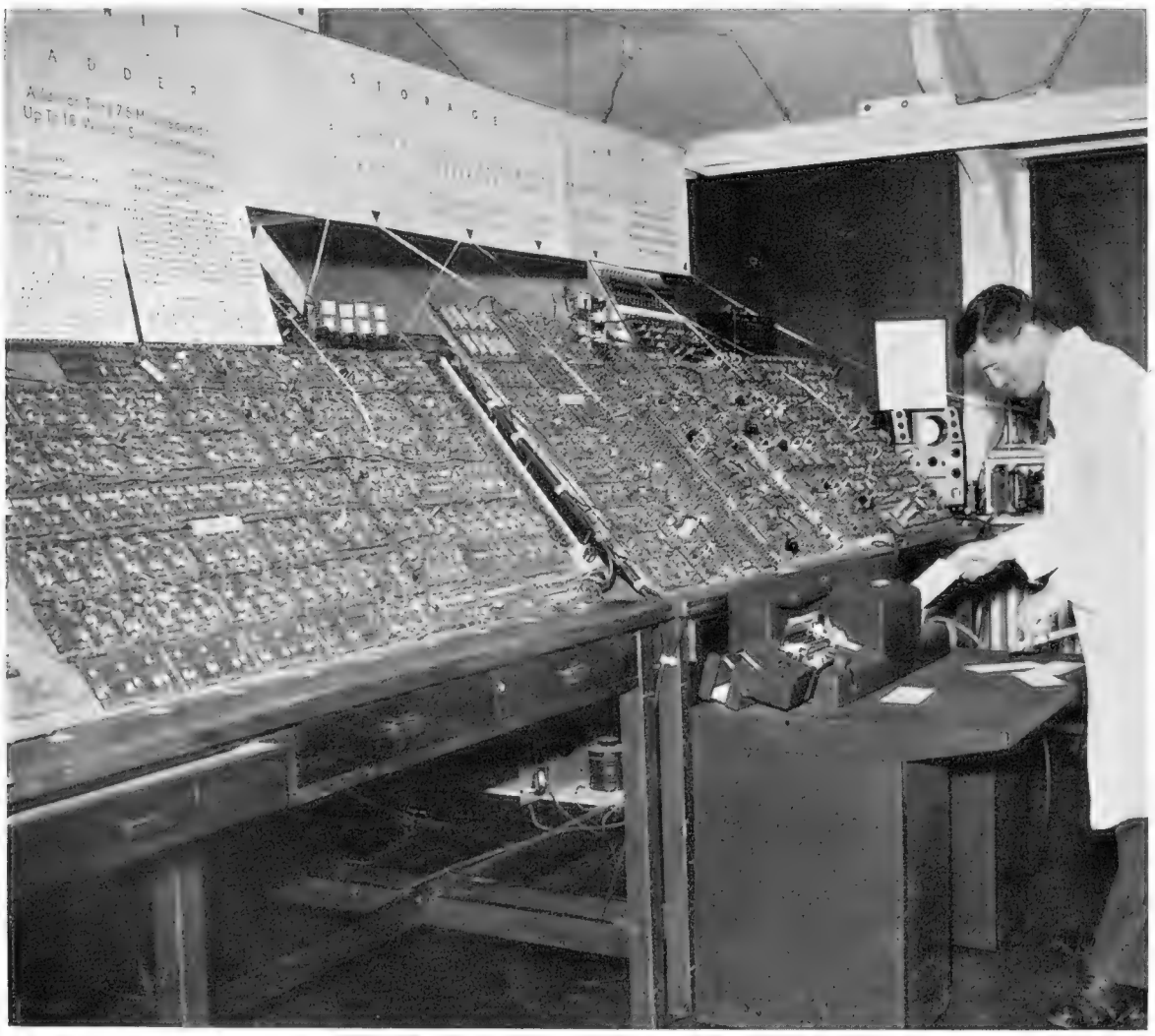
SEPARATING RIVAL COMMUNITIES: Barbed-wire barricades are erected between the Greek and Turkish quarters in the capital of the island. There were serious outbreaks of violence between the communities in Nicosia and other parts of Cyprus last week.

THE SCENE OF A VIOLENT CLASH BETWEEN GREEKS AND TURKS: A Bren gunner keeps watch from an armoured vehicle on the village of Aphania, near Nicosia, after the bitter fighting there between Greek and Turkish Cypriots.

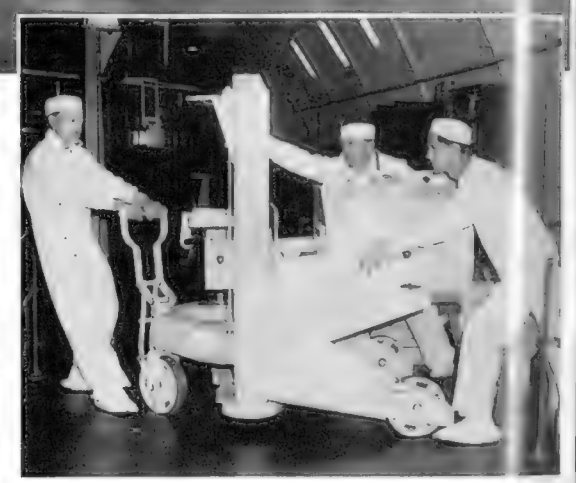
*On right—*

A RESULT OF COMMUNAL CONFLICT: The gutted shell is all that remains of a farmhouse burnt down in the inter-communal riots in Aphania. A Turkish-Cypriot policeman and a Greek-Cypriot civilian were killed. Five people were wounded.

THE MEDIEVAL ALCHEMIST'S DREAM BECOMES A TWENTIETH-CENTURY REALITY: The laboratory of the Chemical Engineering Division at the Atomic Research Centre at Harwell keeps a check on the mutability of elements. To this department are brought the tubes or cylinders of uranium which have been expended on the atomic piles. In the process they have undergone continual change. It is the task of the modern alchemists to observe what has occurred in this mutability and to decide which of the substances thus produced can be used for positive purposes. Harwell is Britain's Research Centre in which all aspects of nuclear energy are investigated and plans drawn up for its employment.




A "MECHANICAL BRAIN" AT WORK: Mr. H. J. Edmunds, a Senior Scientific Assistant, feeds a question card into the complicated electronic computor known as "Cadet." It can multiply two nine-figure numbers in a fraction of a second and is only one of the computors which have been designed for use in calculations at the Atomic Research Centre.



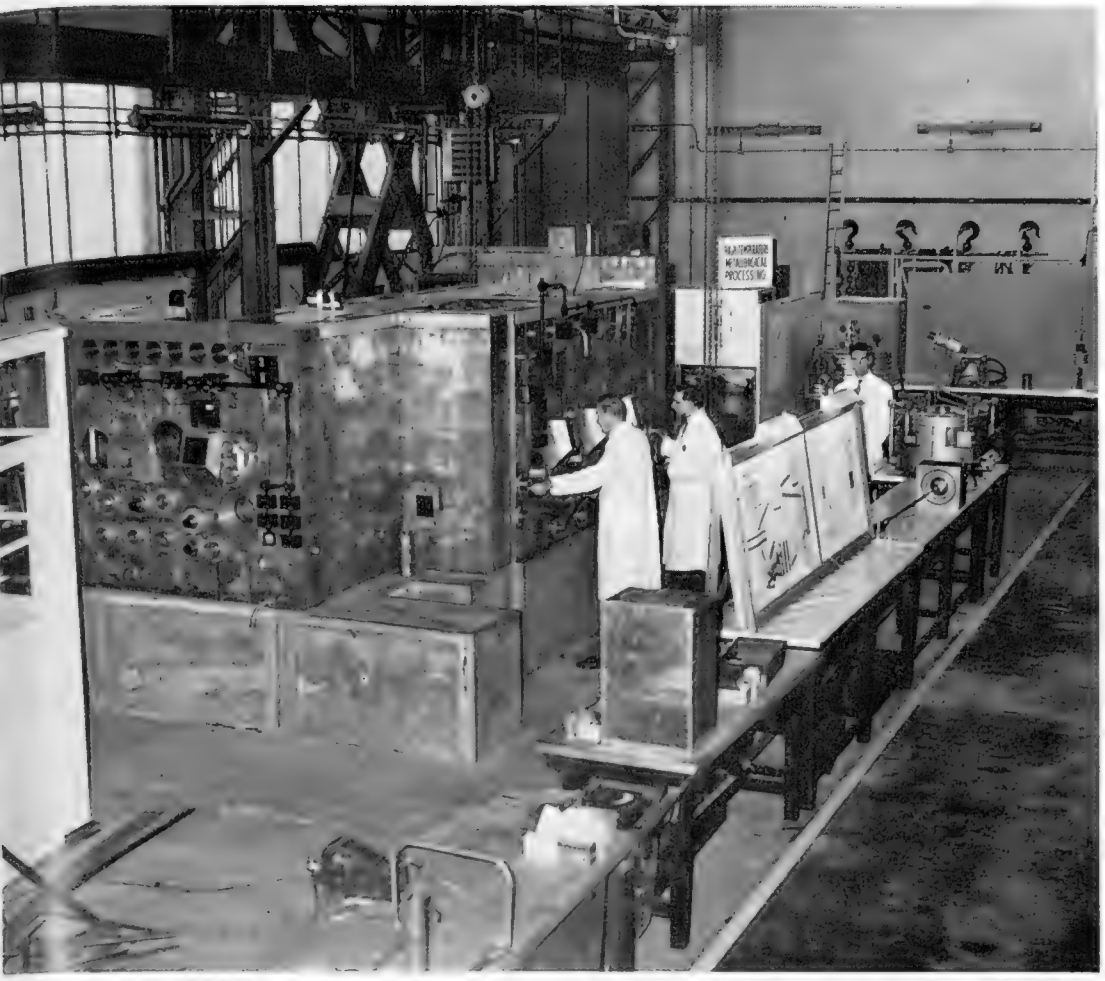
TRANSPORTING IRRADIATED FUEL: Workers in special protective clothing manhandle a "coffin" from a reactor to the laboratory in Harwell. Uranium cylinders can be carried safely inside the circular lead casing, the linings of which are each 8 ins. thick.

# INSIDE HARWELL

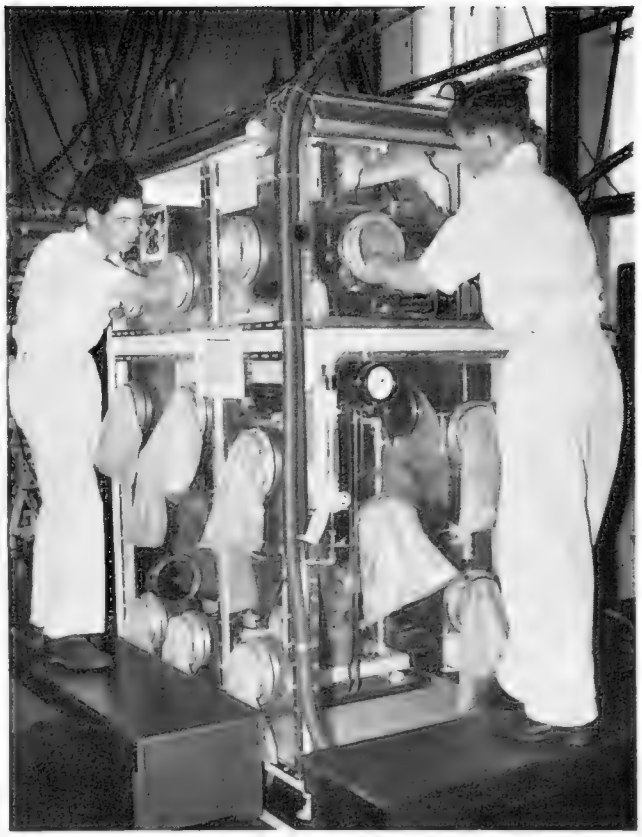
*First Pictures of The Wonders of Britain's Atomic Energy Research Centre*

The name of Harwell, in Berkshire, means the development of atomic energy in Britain. Last week for the first time photographers were allowed to move freely round the interior of its famous Atomic Energy Research Centre. Here it was revealed for all to see that the old alchemist's dream of the mutability of elements is now an accomplished fact. And this is only one of the miracles which is now a commonplace for nuclear scientists and technicians.

What may be termed the central or most important units are the nuclear piles or reactors. Each of the tall buildings has a nickname taken from the initials of its function, such as Bepo (British Experimental Pile O) or Dimple (Deuterium Moderated Pile Low Energy). Uranium or plutonium is employed in the reactors to produce fissile material. Possible fissile materials can be tested in them. Or a reactor can provide power for the generating of electricity. A nuclear electric station is now nearing completion at Calder Hall, in Cumberland and will be opened by the Queen in October. The plans for Calder Hall were devised at Harwell.



OBSERVATIONS IN SAFETY BY REMOTE CONTROL: Technicians stand by the spyholes of the heavy lead tank in which uranium is placed for testing and processing at high temperature. Handles and knobs enable them to manipulate the internal apparatus by remote control. The walls and the glass are of lead and can give protection against 1,000 curies. A curie is a measurement of the strength of radioactivity and is so called after the great scientists who were the discoverers of radium.

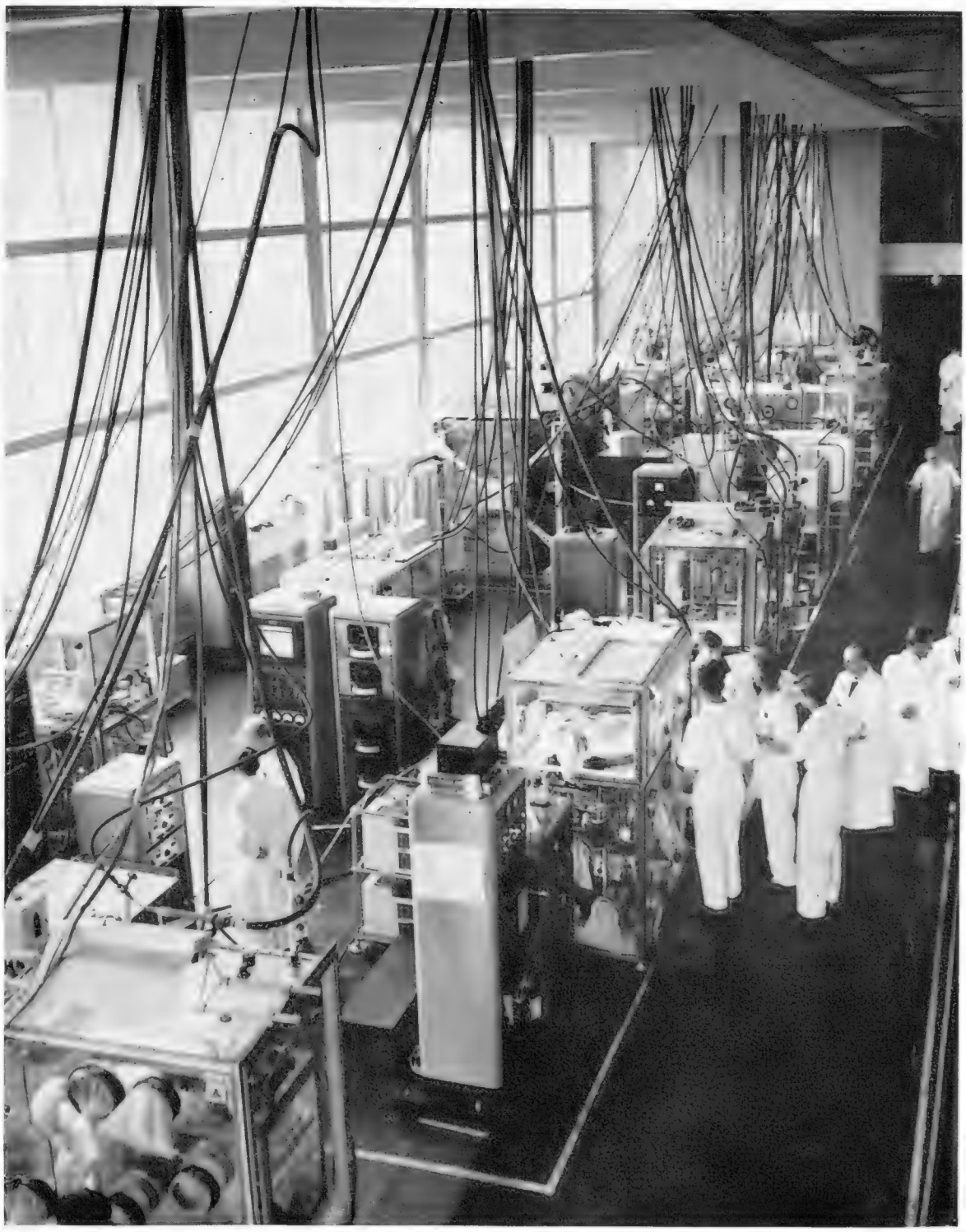


PROTECTION FOR WORKERS: Mr. Peter Evans (left) is at work drilling, and Mr. John Pearce is weighing in a demonstration of a protective "glove box." The box is made of material resistant to radio-activity. In it are placed tools and machinery for testing radioactive substances. The operators, wearing gloves, insert their arms in the glove holes.

"ZEUS" REVEALS ITS SECRETS: Two members of the staff at Harwell insert a neutron detector into "Zeus," the Zero Energy Uranium System reactor. The Atomic Research Centre has nine nuclear reactors and three more are being built. They are the central units in the production of nuclear energy for all purposes.

The elements used for the reactors are in a constant state of change. When the cylinders of uranium or plutonium have finished their functions in the Harwell piles they are removed to special laboratories. There they are examined to discover what further use can be made of their mutability. Thus Harwell is a home of modern and successful alchemy.

Not unnaturally nuclear energy is much associated in the public mind with the new horror weapons and bombs. Nuclear research, it is believed, must be very dangerous. It is true that the basic elements can have appalling and, as yet, incalculable effects. But not the least impressive feature of Harwell is the way in which every effort has been made to reduce to a minimum the risks to the workers. Everywhere one sees ingeniously thought out safety precautions. For instance, in any department dealing with death-dealing substances, the windows are never opened. The atmosphere is air-conditioned and work on such elements as uranium is done in protective boxes in which the air pressure is lower than outside. Thus should any dangerous particle escape, it will be automatically driven back to its source. As result of such measures the records to date at Harwell show that work in atomic industry is safer than in some of the conventional industries.



RISKS ARE REDUCED TO A MINIMUM: This section of "glove boxes" is an example of the precautions taken for workers at Harwell. The boxes enable the staff to work without risk on dangerous elements. The pipes coming from the ceiling keep the air pressure lower in the boxes than outside. Therefore no particle of danger can escape from them.

# LIGHTING THE OLYMPIC TORCH

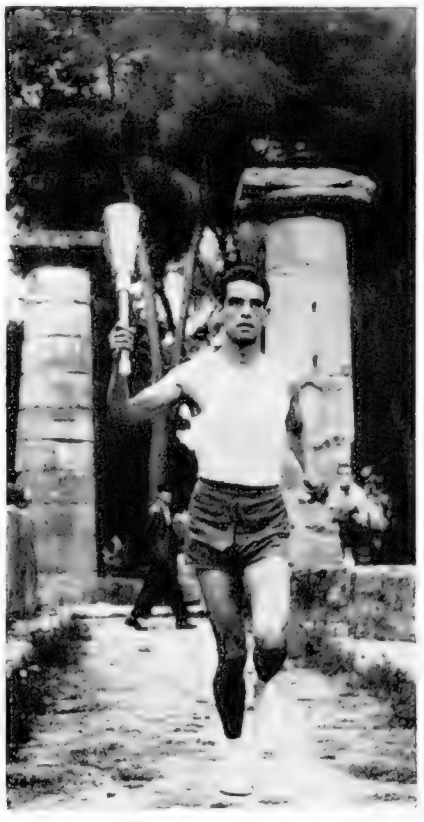
*The Sacred Flame for the Equestrian Olympics at Stockholm is Lit at Olympia*

**KINDLING OF THE SACRED FLAME AT OLYMPIA FOR THE STOCKHOLM OLYMPICS: Greek girls in the costumes of vestal virgins bear the sacred flame to the altar in the ancient temple of Zeus. The flame is being taken by relays to the Equestrian Olympic Games at Stockholm.**

The traditional ceremony of kindling the sacred flame took place last week at Olympia, in preparation for the opening of the Equestrian Olympic Games at Stockholm on June 10. The flame was lit in the ruined temple of Hera at Olympia. A mirror concentrated the rays of the sun, which ignited an olive branch. This was applied to the lamp, a cup containing oil. The sacred flame was then carried to the ancient altar in the near-by Temple of Zeus by Greek girls in the costume of vestal virgins. At the altar, the priestess of Zeus received the sacred flame, and the virgins performed ritual dances. A torch was ignited from the flame and handed to the first runner by the priestess. The costumes, lamp and ceremonies were based upon those used in the original Greek Olympiads, records of which go back to 776 B.C. The modern series of Olympiads began in 1896 when they were held in Athens.

**THE OLYMPIC FLAME ON THE ANCIENT ALTAR OF ZEUS: While the high priestess and the leader of the vestal virgins pray, the attendant vestal virgins perform a ritual dance of joy in the background.**

**THE PRIESTESS OF ZEUS RECEIVES THE FLAME: The leader of the vestal virgins (on right) passes the sacred flame to the high priestess of Zeus during the traditional ceremony at Olympia.**



**THE FIRST RUNNER ACCEPTS THE FLAME: Miss Katseli, of the Greek National Theatre, in the part of the priestess of Zeus, hands the torch, lit from the sacred flame, to Constantinidis, a Greek athlete. The leader of the vestal virgins is on Miss Katseli's left, with the altar between them. The virgins perform a ritual dance, on the right of the picture. *On right*—Constantinidis runs with the torch on the first stage of its journey to Stockholm, most of which was by air.**

# MARSHAL TITO IN MOSCOW

*The Yugoslav President Receives a "Hero's" Welcome*

On his first visit to Moscow since his expulsion from the Cominform in 1948, Marshal Tito received a triumphal reception both from the Soviet leaders who came to the station to meet him and from the thousands of Muscovites lining the broad avenues of the capital. It was a hero's return. The announcement, prior to Marshal Tito's arrival, of the resignation from the post of Foreign Minister of Mr. Molotov, the man primarily responsible with Stalin for the 1948 expulsion of Yugoslavia, was the final inducement offered by the Soviets to persuade the Marshal to forget and forgive. Although the visit did not cause Mr. Molotov's resignation, it seems probable that Moscow made it the occasion for the double announcement of his retirement and the decision to grant more powers to the various satellite republics. Both these moves have been expected for some time. Marshal Tito, on the other hand, is not likely to allow either to influence him to any large extent in his negotiations. After her experience of Soviet methods, Yugoslavia will not allow party relations to supersede governmental ones.

**MARSHAL TITO'S RECEPTION AT MOSCOW STATION : The President of Yugoslavia reads a speech at his official reception after his arrival by rail in Moscow to begin a three-week State visit. On the left is Marshal Bulganin and on the right President Voroshilov. In the background between Voroshilov and Marshal Tito is Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, Secretary of the Communist Party.**

**A TRIUMPHANT RETURN : Marshal Tito salutes Soviet officers and Government officials as he leaves the station after his arrival. On his right is President Voroshilov. Mr. Molotov was among those meeting him.**

**THE NEW SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER : Mr. Shepilov, who has taken over the Foreign Ministry following the resignation of Mr. Molotov, has been Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and editor of *Pravda*. He is fifty years old and was ten at the time of the revolution.**

**FLOWERS IN BUCHAREST : Madame Broz, the wife of the Yugoslav President, receives flowers from local women during a halt in the railway journey across Rumania.**

**CEREMONIAL DRIVE THROUGH THE MOSCOW STREETS : Marshal Tito smiles broadly at the crowds as he is driven in an open car through the streets of Moscow. With him in the car are President Voroshilov and Mr. Khrushchev. Later he walked with Mr. Khrushchev through the streets without an escort.**

*The Sphere of Travel*

# WALES: LAND OF HISTORY AND BEAUTY

## *The Lleyn Peninsula and Bardsey; Caernarvon and Snowdonia*

By GORDON COOPER

HOLIDAYS abroad are now the fashion. But I often think that if parts of our own country could be dropped across the Channel they would attract far more visitors than is the case at present. Wales is an instance. With mountains, valleys and coast, it offers as magnificent scenery as anything to be found on the Continent. Added to this are its archæological and historic associations.

There are many little-known corners in "Wild" Wales where it is delightful to stay. In this article I am going to take you to one of them, the Lleyn Peninsula. This is the long finger on the map which separates Cardigan Bay from the Irish Sea. Scenically, it is grand; climatically, it is invigorating, and wandering over the gorse and heather one has a real feeling of freedom.

**MEDIEVAL WALES: Conway, on its fine estuary, is a well-preserved example of a medieval town. The ruined castle, on its rock above the Conway River, was built by Edward I, and the town is surrounded by an almost-intact ring of medieval walls. Some of the fortifications can be seen on the left of the picture.**

The Lleyn Peninsula should be approached in a leisurely fashion. A suggested itinerary would be through the Wye Valley, one of the loveliest corners of England, via Monmouth, Ross, Hereford and the border country of Shrewsbury, an important gateway into North Wales. Crossing the invisible frontier, you come to Llangollen, praised for its beauty by Browning and Ruskin, and to Bettws-y-Coed and Capel Curig, both on the southern fringe of Snowdonia. From the latter village, or from Pen-y-Gwyrd a little farther on, there is one of the established routes to the summit of Snowdon. On my last visit to Pen-y-Gwyrd I looked through the very interesting visitors' book belonging to the local hotel, and found the following verse inscribed by Charles Kingsley.

> Leave to Robert Browning
> Beggars, fleas and vines;
> Leave to mournful Ruskin
> Popish Apennines,
> Dirty Stones of Venice
> And his gas-lamps seven;
> We 've the stones of Snowdon
> And the lamps of heaven.

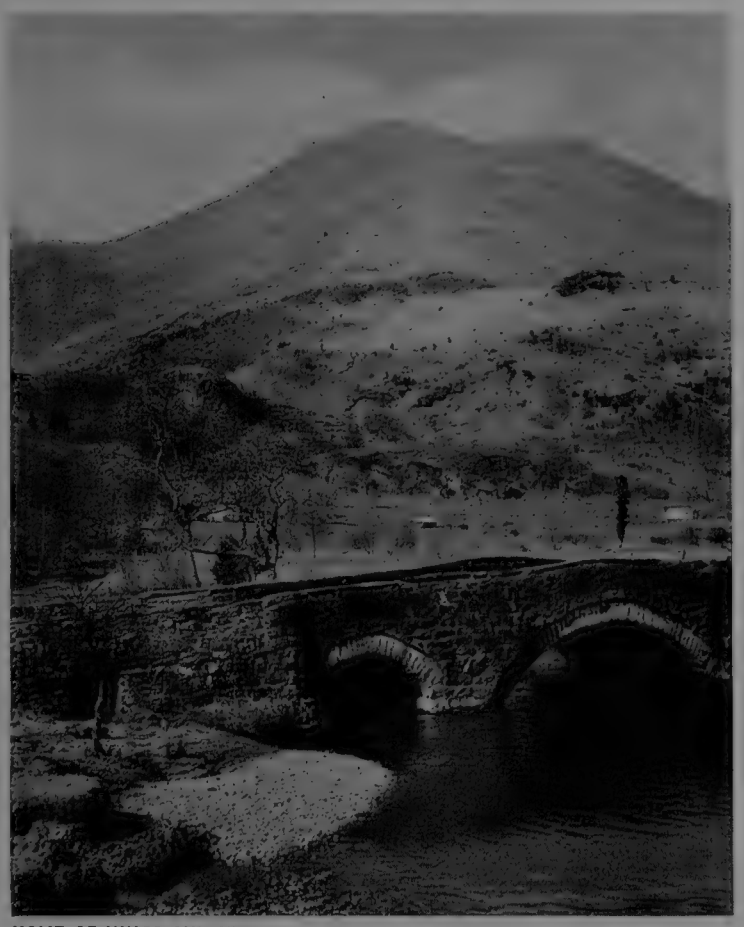
Thus, slowly, you arrive in the Lleyn Peninsula. A thousand years ago or more it would have seemed nearer to Ireland than to England. From over the Irish Sea came missionaries, hostile raiders and pious pilgrims. Almost every church recalls some Celtic saint and marks a stage upon the pilgrim track. The pilgrims were on their way to Bardsey, which has been aptly described as the Iona of Wales. In these old days it is said that three pilgrimages to Bardsey were accounted equal to one to Rome.

The main holiday centres are Criccieth, Abersoch, Nevin and Aberdaron, and all have excellent bathing beaches—there are none better in Britain. At Criccieth, Abersoch and Nevin, there are also good golf-courses in magnificent natural surroundings. Indeed, there is every excuse for not keeping one's eye on the ball.

Criccieth is a lovely spot, and it has a Mediterranean climate, for you find there camellias and mimosa growing out of doors. From the top of Castle Hill there is a superb panorama, of which Hilaire Belloc wrote: "There is no corner of Europe that I know . . . which so moves me with awe and majesty of great things as does this mass of the northern Welsh mountains, seen from this corner of their silent sea."

Abersoch stands on the shore of a pretty little bay with an extensive, gently-sloping, sandy shore. Nearby is the village of Llanengan. The church is one of the finest in the peninsula. It has a richly-carved screen which is a beautiful piece of craftsmanship, a coffer of solid oak, in which, according to tradition, pilgrims used to place their Peter's Pence.

Nevin is another glorious place for a holiday. It is an excellent centre for walks into the nearby mountains. But best of all, perhaps, is Aberdaron, if only because you will find there one of the most delightful hostelries in Wales: the Ship Hotel. Its owner, Mr. W. J. Elliss, has a wonderful collection of Welsh antiques and an excellent library of books dealing with the Principality. He is himself a knowledgeable man, and he takes a real interest in studying the interests of each visitor. There is comfort and good food, vouched for, by the way, by Ashley Courtenay, while there is also an enjoyable atmosphere of peace (Aberdaron is seventeen miles from the nearest station, Pwllheli, the popular holiday place, but there is a linking bus service). In this environment there is the scent of gorse and heather, the sound of the sea and every other inducement for enjoyable relaxation.



**HOME OF KINGS AND HEROES: Snowdon, 3,560 ft., is the highest mountain in England and Wales. King Arthur and Vortigern are associated with it in folklore, and the district was the refuge of the Welsh princes when hard pressed by the conquering English king, Edward I.**

From Aberdaron it is possible, weather conditions permitting, to visit the island of Bardsey, which lies a mile or so from the extreme tip of the peninsula. The island, with an area of 440 acres, is the home of a community of four families, who engage in farming, together with three lighthouse-keepers. In ancient times, however, when the island was a place of pilgrimage, the community must have been a large one, for it is claimed that 20,000 saints are buried in its soil. Until 1920 Bardsey's population was also much greater than it is to-day, but at that time the residents were evacuated owing to difficulties of communication and supply. This brought to an end the reign of the Bardsey "Kings."

The creation of "King of Bardsey" owed its origin to the third Baron Newborough—his family still own the island—who realised the need for some local leader. Having selected a tenant of superior intelligence and character, he made him a head-man and, in jest, styled him "King," at the same time presenting the peasant-monarch with a crown of brass, a "treasure" in the shape of a casket, and an "army" in the representation of a wooden soldier which was designed as a symbol of guardianship.

Aberdaron was the birthplace of Richard Robert Jones, better known as "Dick of Aberdaron." He was a remarkable character, born in 1780. It is said he was able to speak thirty-five languages. "Dressed in an old patched suit, pair of rough boots, with large pockets full of books, battered top hat, and with long, matted hair he carried a French horn, and a cat on his shoulders. He dabbled in necromancy and was feared by the locals, especially children." He died penniless at the age of sixty-three, and was buried in the graveyard of the parish church in St. Asaph. It was with some difficulty that I located the grave of this eccentric scholar.

On the return journey I would suggest visiting Caernarvon, Bangor, Conway, Colwyn Bay and St. Asaph and the walled city of Chester, another important gateway into Wales. At Caernarvon you can, however, make a deviation south into Snowdonia, regaining the coastal main road at Conway. This would mean missing Bangor, perhaps the most Welsh-speaking town in Wales and the opportunity to cross over the Menai Strait to the island of Anglesey. Most people would claim the trip is worthwhile if only to look at the name-board on the island's first station with its celebrated tongue-twister containing fifty-eight letters and nineteen syllables, which is usually contracted to Llanfair P.G.

Caernarvon, famous for its great castle, is the finest and best-preserved military structure in Wales. Built in 1284, it is the historic scene for the investiture of a Prince of Wales. Conway, too, has its castle, though it is in a rather ruined state. The town, however, is one of the few remaining walled centres in Britain. It also claims to have the smallest house; its frontage is about 6 ft. wide, and when I was there a notice-board stated it was not open to the public on Sundays. The visitor to Wales must, in fact, always keep in mind that this day of the week is strictly observed. Only the churches and chapels are open, and in many places even the buses are not running, and it is difficult to get a drink.

The last place of interest in this itinerary, St. Asaph, is one of the quietest of episcopal cities, and in size is only a large village. Its cathedral (considerably restored) is the smallest in the kingdom, but the see dates from the middle of the sixth century.

All in all, a holiday in Wales can be fascinating. The Welsh of to-day still keep their ancient language, cherish their ancient traditions, honour the ancient bards and heroes, and know themselves as distinct from the English. Every place-name has its meaning, and every hill and valley its association with legend. Here the Welsh live; and thus fulfil the prophecy of Taliesin the Bard:

> And British men
> Shall be captives then
> To strangers from Saxonia's strand;
> They shall praise their God, and hold
> Their language, as of old,
> But except Wild Wales they shall lose their land

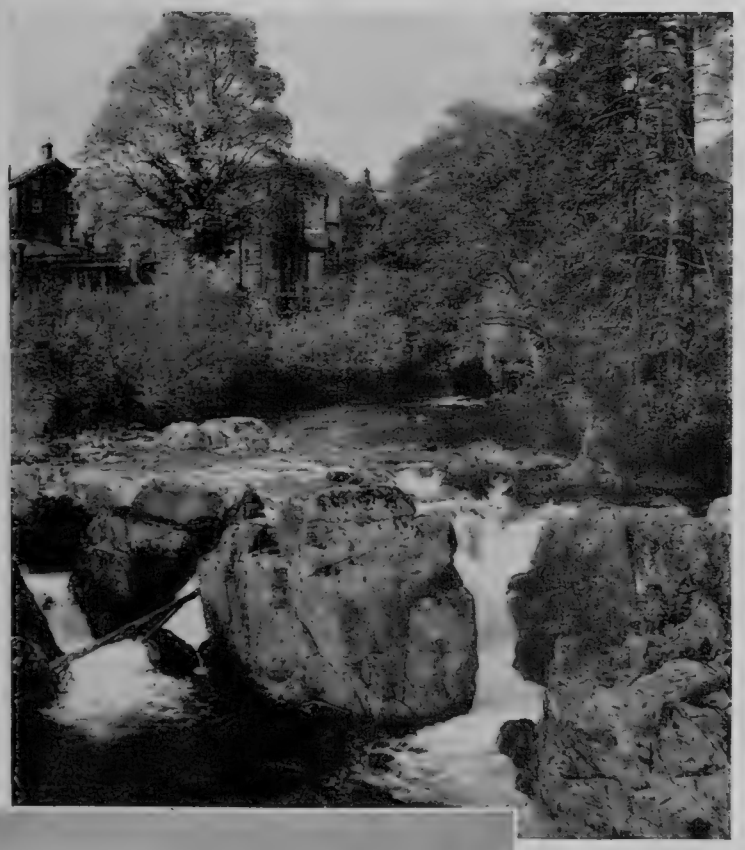
"THE STRONGHOLD IN THE LAND OVER AGAINST MONA": From the harbour of Caernarvon the ferry plies to Anglesey. Caernarvon is dominated by its castle, built by Edward I, and is one of his "English Boroughs" planted in Wales. *Right, above*—Menai town, on the Anglesey shore.

# WELSH BEAUTY SPOTS

*The Menai Straits; Outposts of Snowdonia*

Photographs by J. ALLAN CASH

ANGLERS' AND ARTISTS' COUNTRY: The waters of the country around the Llugwy Valley, near Capel Curig, are well stocked with salmon and trout. Capel Curig is near to some of the wildest mountain scenery in Caernarvonshire, and is popular with artists and walkers bound for Snowdon.



A MOUNTAINEERING CENTRE: Bettws-y-Coed is one of the finest centres for the exploration of Snowdonia, and is a beauty-spot in its own right. It lies in a hollow on the River Llugwy (seen here), surrounded on three sides by wooded crags, in fine glen and river scenery. *On left*—The Menai Suspension Bridge spans the Straits between Anglesey and the mainland of Wales. This was built by Telford in 1819-26 as a link in the line of communication with Ireland via Holyhead, before the coming of the railway. In the right background the training ship *Conway* lies on the far shore where she went aground two years ago. Used for training merchant navy cadets, she was bound for Liverpool to be refitted.

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# A BOOKSELLER'S STORY

*Percy Muir's Reminiscences; Anthology from "Hotel Bemelmans"; Sir Harry Luke's Autobiography; Travel in Three Continents; A. J. Cronin's New Novel*

HOW reassuring it is when one finds that a favourite myth or a pet bromide has some foundation in fact: to meet, for instance, a really absent-minded professor or an actress who is persistently getting her jewels stolen. It restores one's faith in the obvious. Booksellers, in another instance, should traditionally be learned, kindly and more than a little eccentric, particularly when they deal in old and rare books. Now we have an autobiography by Mr. Percy Muir, which is all about an old firm of booksellers as well as his long connection with them. MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is highly interesting reading and not only for people who enjoy frequent attacks of bibliomania. It is shop talk at its best from an author absorbed in his subject.

Another autobiography comes from Mr. Eric Barker, who may rightly be called an entertainer. Through B.B.C. radio and television he has an immense following in this country. (I know, because I 'm a faithful member of it.) STEADY, BARKER ! (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is the story of a man who has worked hard at conquering his shyness as well as establishing himself as a comedian and a writer. His book is engaging in its lack of affectation and, as one would expect, often very funny. Mr. Barker served in the Navy during the war and contrives to be both sensible and highly amusing about his experiences in those years.

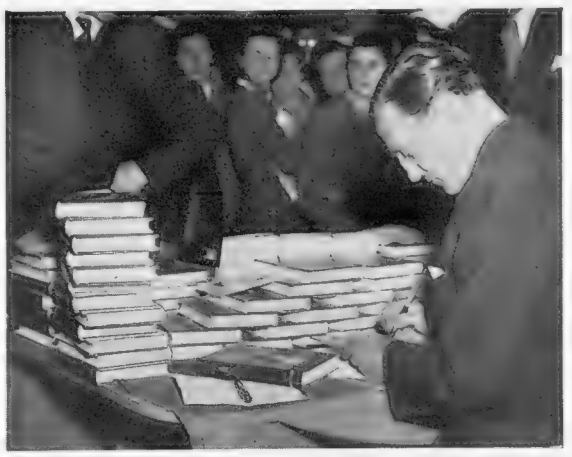
HOTEL BEMELMANS (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.) is a collection of twenty-four of Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans' stories about hotel life, himself, hoteliers, and hotel guests. Two of these tales are new, many of the others are refurbished. The highly individual results have been decorated with more than seventy drawings in the author's gay, inconsequent and curiously lucid style. I enjoyed the newcomer, *Otto Kahn's Top Hat*, better than its fellow story about *Mespoulets Promotion* which I found too true to New York luncheon club life to be really diverting. Mr. Bemelmans has a gift for the felicitous phrase and the nature of his work, its humour and its spontaneity, lends itself perfectly to pleasant re-reading.

The subject of M. Gontran de Poncins' biography might well have been a Bemelmans creation. FATHER SETS THE PACE (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is a study of a man who "had made of his life a work of art and had made an art of idleness too.... My father's best creation was himself." To say that he was a dandy would be rather like saying that Beau Brummell was tidy in his ways. Father lived for appearances, for the act of dressing, changing and dressing again, for vast rooms, perfect silver, delicate meals and, in all things, the grand manner. If he had a real passion it was for horses. His stables had to be marvellously fitted, the groom riding with him had to wear a flower in his buttonhole which matched with the flower tucked into the horse's headband, Monsieur le Comte's saddle had to be made by Beck and polished with only one brand of saddle soap. He was an extremist and, however exhausting to live with, he has provided the material for a fascinating study.

CITIES AND MEN (Geoffrey Bles. 25s.) is the third volume of Sir Harry Luke's autobiography. It covers the years between 1924 and 1954. In this period the author was Colonial Secretary and Lieutenant Governor, administrator and tireless traveller in and around West Africa, Palestine, Malta, Syria, the Pacific Islands, Central America and the regions bordering the Magellan Straits. To voyage as much as this and to have a scholar's equipment of curiosity and erudition is no usual thing. This volume of Sir Harry's memoirs is splendid from all points of view and will certainly appeal to the stay-at-home reader.

It is nearly ninety years since *Lorna Doone* was published and the romance still has a place in the affections of the public. Professor Waldo Hilary Dunn has written a biography of the author, who lived from the year of Waterloo to the turn of the century. R. D. BLACKMORE (Robert Hale. 21s.) is an authoritative and revealing study of a figure whom, apart from his great talents, one likes more and more as a man, and whom, in this book, one appreciates perhaps for the first time.

The next three volumes take us to foreign parts in the company of three gifted women. First is THE NYLON SAFARI (Arthur Barker. 18s.), which is Mrs. Rehna Cloete's version of a three-week camera trip through



**THE NEW KNIGHT OF CRICKET: Len Hutton, the former England captain, who has been made a Knight Bachelor in the Queen's Birthday Honours for services to cricket, autographs copies of his newly-published autobiography entitled *Just My Story* (Hutchinson. 15s.). Hutton announced his intention to retire from first-class cricket earlier in this year.**

Tanganyika. It was paid for, as Mrs. Cloete explains, by her husband Stuart as an anniversary present when she had rather been expecting a nice, solid Kimberley diamond. However, Mrs. "Tiny" Cloete appears to have rallied admirably from the shock, and has written and illustrated a lively book about the discomforts, dangers and the ultimate rewards of her "anniversary" expedition.

EAST OF THE SUN (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.) is the story of another enterprising wife whose husband telephoned her one day to ask if she 'd like to go to Singapore, to which she replied: "Yes," and proceeded to look it up on a map. Mrs. Nancy Pence Britton writes wittily and shrewdly of her two years of their stay on The Island, as the old hands call it, and her book manages to be both informative and charming.

Mrs. Mulaika Corben tells her experiences as the young American wife of a young Australian physicist, starting her married life in her husband's country and going through all the pangs of adaptation with considerable good cheer. NOT TO MENTION THE KANGAROOS (Hammond. 12s. 6d.) is ebullient and breezy in manner, but it carries some hard facts.

"*Soigné et copieux*" is the tag given by French guidebooks to good meals, and it might adequately be applied to this week's flow of novels. Dr. A. J. Cronin has written CRUSADER'S TOMB (Gollancz. 15s.), a long and close-textured story about the young son of a distinguished clergyman, who abandons the prospect of another Church career to become a painter. His comfortable Sussex home, his family, the girl he might marry and his circle of friends are exchanged for life in Paris. Through the years, which include the First World War, he travels in France and Spain, at one time attached to a circus, at another a fellow lodger of Modigliani's, till he returns to England for his first exhibition. He receives storms of abuse or at least lack of understanding, apart from one or two enlightened exceptions. I will not reveal the end, although it is classic in the sense that it follows the real life story of more than one painter of fame. I will only say that the novel is as readable as one would expect from this author and sincere rather than inspired.

A LEGACY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.) is an unusual story in its setting—a rich, bourgeois house in the Berlin of fifty-odd years ago, and in its treatment, which is the remote and quizzical consideration of a love affair and a family's solidarity. Sybille Bedford writes gracefully of a vanished world and far from stereotyped people.

Miss P. B. Abercrombie has chosen the present day and a suburban boarding house for the scene of her novel, VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). This is a subtle and quietly toned story about a small group of people, unremarkable at first acquaintance and with only their economic condition in common. But after a few chapters they develop into highly individual characters.

JUNIPER AND THE GENERAL (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a spirited and gay novel about modern Mexico by Mr. James Norman who, we are told, has had a pretty adventurous life himself and is now settled in the country of his story. Twice he has had to retrieve and finish this manuscript. We can be grateful that he persevered with it. The novel was begun in 1937 and is an amusing piece of work, light-hearted and distinguished.

THE PROPHET (Macdonald. 16s.) is a Biblical novel by Mr. Sholem Asch, completing the cycle of four books which he began with *The Nazarene*. It deals with the myth of the Second Isaiah. The writer draws a picture of a prophet of the Jewish people. He is portrayed as a young and compassionate shepherd in the Judean hills, who brought a message of hope and redemption to Jews in exile.

NO MAN SINGS (Longmans. 13s. 6d.) is the story of Sappho, the poetess who, according to legend, "lived and loved" about 2,500 years ago in the island of Lesbos. Mr. Alexander Krislov relates a simple story and quotes from many of the translations of the songs and poems attributed to the writer, who is generally regarded as the world's first great poetess.

IN ROYAL CHÂTEAUX OF PARIS (Putnam. 25s.) Vivian Rowe conjures up the great days of Versailles, and of many other noble mansions within and without the gates of Paris. He did the same for the Châteaux of the Loire in his previous excellent volume. In his new delightful book, Vincennes, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, Saint Germain-en-Laye, Anet, Maisons Lafitte, Fontainebleau, Chantilly, Rambouillet, Compiègne, La Malmaison and Pierrefonds all have a place. It is delightful, not only in the way it is written and illustrated with contemporary photographs, but by reason of the very high standard of binding and production. Some of Mr. Rowe's historical digressions are extremely diverting.

Finchden Manor, a timbered black-and-white caterpillar of a house, with a long lawn and a rose garden, is situated a mile from the demure country town of Tenterden. That is the physical shape of the house. But Michael Burn gives a hint of its spirit and a foretaste of what is to come when he adds: "The house looked beloved; and at night enchanted." There for the past twenty-five years Mr. G. A. Lyward has been providing extraordinarily successful treatment for so-called maladjusted boys. In MR. LYWARD'S ANSWER (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) Mr. Burn probes into the nature of that achievement, basing his survey not on a few passing visits, but on actual day-to-day experience when acting as a member of the Finchden Manor staff. This is a vitally important book, and its findings should surely be known to every public authority in the land, and not least those whose work takes them to children's committees, school care committees and the vicinity of magistrates' courts.

## THE CHÂTEAUX OF PARIS

*A Notable Historic Survey*

The immense production of Honoré de Balzac, most prolific French novelist, has not been generally available to English readers since the war. There have been admirable new and inexpensive editions of those two favourites, *Cousin Bette* and *Cousin Pons*, also of *Old Goriot*, *Eugene Grandet*, and possibly others. But there is still a whole host of his works that are not generally available, and Elek Books, who have done so much to reintroduce the masterpieces of Zola to the English reading public, are now embarking on a new series of Balzac translations. The first of them is CESAR BIROTTEAU (Elek Books. 15s.). The story of the perfumer who rose to affluence only to fall to bankruptcy and, through the devotion of his family, paid back every penny of his debt, is in the best Balzac style.

There is a period in English history which is marked by a loss in open-mindedness, a gain in driving force, a widespread return to the strict tenets of Christianity and a widespread departure from the aristocratic code of the eighteenth century. This time saw the emergence of the "perfect lady" and the decline of the "perfect gentleman." Muriel Jaeger has taken it for her intensive study of changing standards and behaviour. She calls it, correctly enough, BEFORE VICTORIA (Chatto and Windus. 18s.). The author covers the years from 1787, when the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality startled the world, to 1837, when the youthful Victoria began the epoch in which she was to draw into her hands the reins of imperial government. Miss Jaeger's search into this question of how the sweetness and light of the Age of Reason passed into the sombre earnestness of the Victorian age provides a fascinating study. She relates the lives of Wilberforce, Hannah More, Harriet Martineau, Caroline Lamb, Thomas Arnold and many other influential or typical figures to the period. *Before Victoria* is social history at its best.

Bertrand Flornoy's *L'Adventure Inca*, published in Paris in 1954, has now been translated from the French by Winifred Bradford. INCA ADVENTURE (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) resurrects for us the great civilisation of Peru which the Spaniards destroyed more than 400 years ago. No one is better qualified than M. Flornoy to write such a book, for he has spent a great part of his life exploring Inca ruins.

OPEN THE PORTS (William Kimber. 18s.) is the work of J. Grosvenor and L. M. Bates. They tell the story of the "human minesweepers," the small body of men of the special branch of the Navy who were trained to operate underwater for the special purpose of clearing French harbours mined and booby-trapped by the Germans. When the moment came for our ships to enter the ports, these men had done their work so well that all craft were able to berth in safety and so maintain the supplies vital to the success of the North-West European invasion. Lieut.-Commander Bates was himself one of the first members of the "human minesweeper" group.

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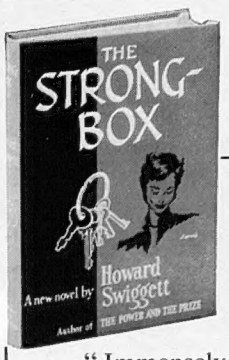


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## Publishers' News

**The Blue Sky of Spring.** . . . By Elizabeth Cadell. Tension, mystery, and sudden death in a sleepy English village. A sequel to *The Lark Shall Sing.* (*Hodder and Stoughton.* 10*s.*)

**Motorists' Companion on the Highways of Scotland.** . . . By Christopher Trent. Here is a driver's eye view of some of the roads of Scotland: a delightful companion for a holiday. To be published on June 14. (*George Newnes.* 21*s.*)

**Bedding Plants.** . . . By Roy Genders. The first book devoted entirely to bedding plants. It should become the standard reference work on the subject. (*John Gifford.* 12*s. 6d.*)

**The Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man.** . . . By James Wellard. In Thomas Ash, poet, boxer and visionary, the author has created a character in the grand comic style. (*Macmillan.* 13*s. 6d.*)

**Old Fourlegs.** . . . By Professor J. L. B. Smith. The author tells the exciting story of his long search and final discovery of the Coelacanth, supposedly extinct for 50,000,000 years. To be published in late June. (*Longmans.* 21*s.*)

**The Squire and his Relations.** . . . By E. Wingfield-Stratford. This history of the Squire from Chaucer until to-day gives a colourful picture of rural England through six centuries. Illustrated. (*Cassell.* 42*s.*)

**Noblesse Oblige.** . . . An Enquiry into the Identifiable Characteristics of the English Aristocracy by Nancy Mitford, Evelyn Waugh, Alan S. C. Ross, "Strix," Christopher Sykes, and John Betjeman. Illustrated by Osbert Lancaster. (*Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s. 6d.*)

**The Lycian Shore.** . . . By Freya Stark. A fascinating record of a journey along the Asia Minor coast in a 5-ton boat. Illustrated. (*John Murray.* 25*s.*)

**The Ignoble Art.** . . . By Dr. Edith Summerskill. The author enters the ring to take on all comers, and pulls no punches in an all-out attack on boxing. (*Heinemann.* 10*s. 6d.*)

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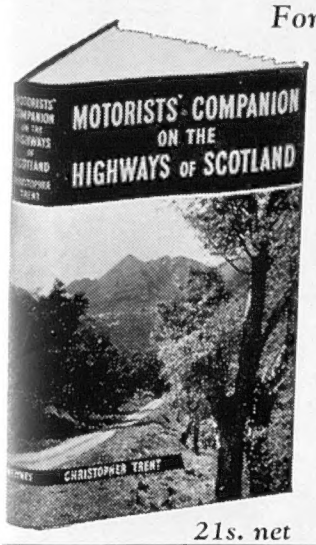


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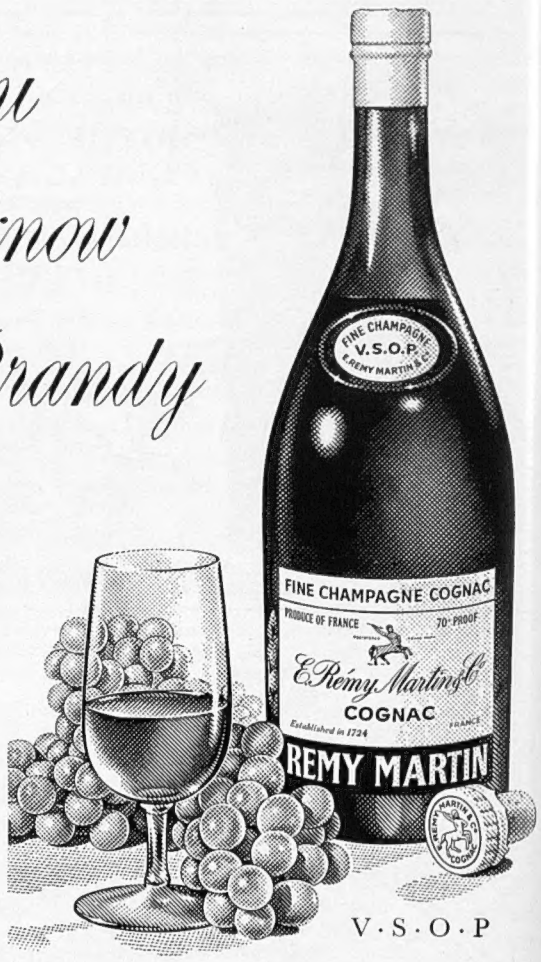


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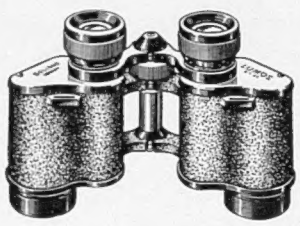

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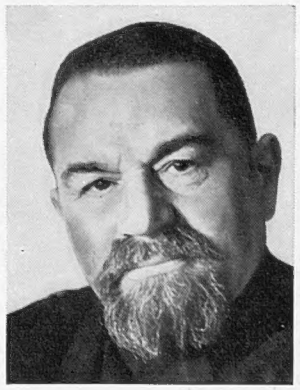

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